

THE FIVE CENT

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## YOUNG JACK HARKAWAY IN TURKEY.



Their presence was unsuspected by the new-comers, who pulled out into the open, and then proceeded to complete the object of their journey. They shipped their oars, and each took an end of their strange burden. Then on a given signal the sack was hoisted up, and— A piercing shriek rent the air.



# YOUNG HARKAWAY IN TURKEY.

## CHAPTER I.

MOURNING THE ORPHAN—HIS APPARITION—  
CRUEL HOAX—RETALIATION—HUNTING FOR  
RUNAWAY SLAVES—TARRING AND FEATH-  
ERING—MAMMOTH BLACKBIRDS.

WHILE the events just related were occur-  
ring in the obscure Spanish port, Jack Hark-  
away, junior, and his friends were on their  
way down the Mediterranean.

"I'm very sorry," said Jack, upon the fol-  
lowing day, "that we have missed our old  
friend, the orphan."

They felt the want of some sort of a butt,  
he it remarked, to supply the place of genial,  
lying, bragging, affectionate old Isaac Mole.

Now, while Jack and Harry Girdwood  
were talking over the loss of poor Figgins,  
Tinker and Bogey were seated astride the  
hatchway leading to the fore-cabin.

Bogey looked over the stairs and stared as  
wildly as if he had seen a ghost.

"Look hyar, Massa Tinker," he whispered.

"Whar?"

"Down dere."

"Ugh—ugh—u—up!" grinned Tinker, with  
difficulty repressing his mirth, "hyar's gollop-  
shus catawampus, thunderin' great larks,  
ugh—up."

"What is it, Tinker?" demanded young  
Jack.

"Hush, sar; hold your blessed tongue, sar,  
d'rectly or sooner."

"Well," said his master, "that's polite."

"A gemman's coming up, sar. Oh, my,  
sich larks."

"Oh, sich larks!" repeated the black lad.

"You nebber guess what?"

"What larks do you mean?" asked Jack.

"I believe you have been drinking, you ras-  
cal."

"Not a drop, sar," protested the darky.

"I've half a mind to give you a good thrash-  
ing," continued Jack.

Tinker slid of his perch sharply, and got  
just a safe distance away.

"Thrashin' nebber good, sar, allus miser-  
able d—m bad, sar. Only good for Bogey."

"No, 'tain't," said the person most nearly  
concerned. "Bewful ting for my s'perior hos-  
siffer; berry bad ting for Bogey."

"Quiet, you ugly brack nigger," said Tink-  
er. "Hyar comes Massa Orfin."

Mr. Figgins came slowly and unsuspecting-  
ly up the hatchway.

He was not thinking of anything in partic-  
ular, nor did he notice either the black boys  
or our hero, young Jack Harkaway, who was  
standing close by with his friend Harry Gird-  
wood.

Half a dozen more steps, and he was at the  
top of the companion ladder.

As Mr. Figgins stepped on to the deck, the  
two mischievous niggers seized the tremu-  
lous orphan in the rear.

"We arrest you, sar," exclaimed Tinker.

"We am all pirates, and you must walk de  
bressed plank or be strung up."

They seized him by his garments, and threw  
him on his hands and knees.

"Murder!" cried Mr. Figgins. "I'm done  
for!"

"What are you doing with Mr. Figgins?"  
exclaimed the captain.

Mr. Figgins, on hearing a friendly voice,  
looked up.

And then he learned that instead of being  
surrounded by pirates, it was only the mis-  
chievous Tinker and Bogey larking.

Jack was standing close by, and with him  
was Harry Girdwood, grinning all over their  
faces.

The orphan disliked ridicule greatly.

He changed color and looked rather sheep-  
ish, and then he got up a faint grin, as if to  
join in the fun.

"I'll take it out of those two young devils,"  
he said to himself, as he sneaked off to his  
cabin.

He kept his word.

They had been through the Straits of Gib-  
ralter some time, and were sailing lazily  
along the Mediterranean, when one day they  
were becalmed off the coast of Tunis.

While there a sudden disturbance arose on

shore, and it became known on board that a  
number of slaves had escaped, thanks to the  
common sense of a few English residents  
there.

Boats were put off, and a search ordered on  
board the ships riding at anchor along the  
coast, for those slaves were the property of  
the Bey of Tunis himself, and his highness  
was not the sort of man to tamely submit to  
a loss.

Tinker heard the matter discussed, and he  
naturally enough, for a gentleman of color,  
took a very lively interest in it.

The orphan Figgins was there to communi-  
cate with them.

"Well, Bogey," said he, wishing to have  
some fun with them, "if they do send on  
board here to search for their slaves, they are  
very likely to insist upon taking you or Tink-  
er."

"Not exactly," said Tinker.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Figgins, seri-  
ously; "we mustn't be too sure."

"Dev couldn't take dis chile."

"It is not a question of that, Tinker," said  
Figgins, "as for their power to take you,  
there isn't much doubt about that. The only  
thing is, would they be merciful? I am in-  
clined to think not."

"What?"

"Dey can't take me," said Bogey, looking  
very frightened. "I'se not one ob dere nig-  
gers."

"That doesn't matter, all niggers are alike  
—all black cattle."

"The fact is, Bogey," said the orphan, "I  
don't want them to come here and get hold of  
you, for if the captain did give you up—"

"He wouldn't."

"You're wrong there. He'd sooner give  
you up than get into any mess with the big-  
wigs here, and if he does, I shall miss my re-  
taliation."

"Your what, sir?"

"Tallyshun," said Bogey. "What the deb-  
il dat, sar?"

"My chance for paying you out for the  
tricks you have played off on me."

"Yah—yah!" guffawed the two of them in  
chorus. "We have larks wid you and hab  
more yet."

"Very funny," said the orphan, with a vic-  
ious look. "Well, I mean to tar and feather  
you for your larks."

"Oh, Massa Figgins, you so big and strong  
sar—an' so berry fine man sar. You no hurt  
de poor nigger, sar?"

"You'll see," said Mr. Figgins; and he  
walked away.

He went below, and bribed two of the sail-  
ors for some purpose or another, which only  
transpired later on.

One of the crew came running up to where  
Tinker and Bogey stood.

"Tinker," cried the sailor, "you've only  
got time—they'll be on deck soon."

"Who?"

"And as for trying to put them off, why,  
it's no more use than nothing. Nat Cringle  
says that the skipper's sure to give you up,  
the pair of you. He daren't refuse. But be-  
fore they could find out as you weren't theirs,  
you'd be bowstrung or something of that  
kind."

Tinker looked utterly dismayed as the  
sailor went on, and as for Bogey, he was  
ready to give way now at the knees.

Just at this moment Mr. Figgins came up  
hurriedly, and seemingly in a state of consid-  
erable alarm.

"Oh, my poor fellows," he exclaimed, in a  
state of great alarm apparently; "here they  
come."

"Who?" cried Tinker.

"Twenty men, armed to the teeth, to cap-  
ture runaway slaves," returned Mr. Figgins.

"Oh, Jerusalem!" gasped Tinker; how of-  
ful."

"Drefful!" ejaculated Bogey; "beastly of-  
ful—drefful!"

"There is nothing for it," returned Mr. Fig-  
gins.

"Only to die or go into slavery," added one  
of the sailors.

"Oh, Massa Figgins, do save a poor miser-  
able cove, an' I'll bress you. Oh, do, sah. I'll  
nebar hab no larks ag'in wid you, sar; s'help  
me golly, sar."

"You promise, Tinker?" said Mr. Figgins.

"Oh, yes, sar."

"Swear, then."

"I don't like to, sar."

"Swear, I tell you. Do you know what an  
oath is?"

"Yes, sar."

"Then swear."

"If I must, sar."

"Certainly you must; I insist upon it."

"Well, den, you'se a dam tief, a ugly old  
orphan, blarm yah; you—you—"

"Stop—stop," cried Mr. Figgins; "that's  
not the sort of swearing I mean. I want you  
to take an oath that you will never again be-  
have so disgracefully to me."

"I swear dat, sar."

"Good; then I'll try and save you, Tinker."

"An' me, sar?"

"And you too, Bogey."

"Bress your 'art, Massa Figgins; you'se a  
good sort."

"I hope so. Now down with you below.  
Go with him," he added, pointing to the sail-  
or, "while I stop here and put them off if  
they insist upon going below."

Off went the two darkies with the sailor.

After a few moments the orphan went after  
them, and getting to the hatchway, he shuf-  
fled about a good deal, and made a rare lum-  
bering noise with his feet, so as to make it  
sound as though there were a whole host of  
people moving about.

Then he ran nimbly down the companion  
ladder into the cabin, where Tinker and Bogey  
shivered up in a corner, hiding behind two  
big barrels.

"Look out!" exclaimed Mr. Figgins, in a  
whisper; "they are coming."

"Who?"

"The Tunisians, in search of their slaves,  
who have escaped."

"Dey ain't gwine to come down hyar?" said  
Bogey, anxiously.

"Yes; hark! Here they come."

"Oh, golly, Massa Figgins," cried Tinker,  
"I'se a dead un. Do go fetch Massa Hark-  
away."

"I have no time to find him. Where can I  
put you?" said Mr. Figgins, looking about him  
for a hiding place. "Why, here you are; get  
into this barrel, both of you. In you go."

Tinker obeyed with the greatest alacrity.

He was followed by his man Bogey.

But before Tinker had got to the full length,  
there came a cry from the barrel that would  
certainly have betrayed them had the search  
party from land been near at hand.

"What is it?" exclaimed Mr. Figgins.

"You'll ruin all."

"Dere's suffin' all wet and sticky like tar in-  
side dat barrel," said Tinker.

"How unfortunate," said the orphan, with  
a sly look at the sailor, who stood beside him.

"Out with you, creep into the next. Quick,  
for your life."

They scrambled in on all fours, and Mr. Fig-  
gins clapped on the head of the cask.

But even this did not appear to satisfy them,  
for Tinker's voice was heard in loud com-  
plaint.

"What is it now?" said Mr. Figgins.

"Dis barrel is chuck full ob feathers, sar."

"Well, they can't hurt you."

"No, but dey's sticking to us, 'ca'se ob dat  
oder muck—de tar."

"Well, what of that? Hush! I hear them  
coming."

Surely enough, the heavy tramp of foot-  
steps was heard on deck.

Then down the companion ladder three or  
four sailors came, led by Nat Cringle.

They kicked up a rare hullabaloo, and one  
of them snapped a pistol.

Then they seized hold of the barrel in which  
the two niggers were concealed, and gave it a  
roll backwards and forwards, after which  
they departed.

"Now," ejaculated Mr. Figgins, knocking  
off the lid. "Fly for your lives."

Tinker scrambled out and got up the com-  
panion ladder, followed by Bogey.

Having little clothing on, they were cov-  
ered with feathers from head to foot.

The first barrel had been carefully coated  
with tar, so that turn which way they would  
they could not escape it.

The second barrel contained the feathers of  
a dozen fowls and ducks, and they stuck to  
our dusky practical jokers in a way they had  
never counted upon.

On reaching the deck, they found them-  
selves faced by nearly the whole of the pas-  
sengers and crew, and they were greeted with  
a perfect storm of laughter.

They saw that they had been the victims of  
a hoax, and they turned to retreat.

But, alack, the ladder was blocked by Mr.



Figgins, Nat Cringle, and the rest of the sailors who had participated in the fun.

"Whatever are these funny-looking objects?" said Harry Girdwood, coming on deck with young Jack.

"New specimens. Mammoth blackbirds," cried Jack, laughing at Bogey and his boy Tinker, as they ran about, not knowing where to hide themselves.

## CHAPTER II.

HOW TINKER DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF—AN ALARM—THE SHARK—TINKER DOES A DEED OF DARING.

TINKER looked quite crestfallen.

"We look like birds moulting; but keep up your pecker, massa," whispered Bogey.

"Whatever have you been up to?" asked Jack.

"I'll tell you," said the orphan, beaming with satisfaction at the success of his exploit. "They were in a dreadful fright of being taken away by the Tunis people, who were hunting after the runaway slaves, and so they disguised themselves as a pair of geese."

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"You laugh, Massa Jack," said Bogey, ruefully; "you no like for to be in such a bressed pickle yourself."

This made them laugh more boisterously than ever.

"Stop a bit," said Harry Girdwood; "here's a riddle for you."

"Out with it."

"Why are Tinker and Bogey like the champions of the Thames and Tyne?"

"Because they handle their skulls so well," said Jack, promptly.

This was greeted with a perfect yell of laughter, as Tinker and Bogey were scratching furiously at their woolly heads.

"No," said Harry; "it's because they feather so beautifully."

"Ha—ha—ha!"

Mr. Figgins laughed louder than all the rest together.

Bogey, who was very sensitive to ridicule, made a desperate effort to get down below again.

But this the assembled company would not allow.

He tore ferociously at his itching skin.

"Oh, golly!" he cried out in despair, "what shall I do to get off dese bressed feathers?"

"I'll tell you how, Sambo," said one of the sailors.

Bogey turned eagerly to the speaker.

"How?"

"Go to the cook's galley, and get him to pluck you in the regular way."

"Ha—ha—ha!"

"I'll tell you another way," said Nat Cringle.

"Out with it."

"Let's draw up two lines, and give them a fair run down the middle, while we souse 'em with water."

The orphan was standing very close to Tinker enjoying the fun. Tinker saw him, and at once made a rush, clutching him around the waist.

"I se got yar, Massa Orphan," he said; "now, I gibe you some of my tar and feathers—make you look like old goose."

And Tinker began to rub himself against the orphan.

The next moment they rolled over and over together on the deck, the orphan each time getting plenty of Tinker's tar and feathers—and each time screaming loudly for help.

At last, Jack, amidst much laughter, managed to pull Tinker off.

Tinker then gave a sharp look about him, meaning to make a run for it.

But there was no escape.

They were too well encompassed to get off.

In almost less time than it takes to tell the tale, buckets were brought and passed around.

Then there was an opening made in their ranks, and Tinker made a sudden rush.

He was not quick enough, however.

Two of the buckets were emptied over him as he flew, and Bogey got the contents of three more as he followed his master.

"Reserve the rest till they come back," said Jack.

But they did not come back.

Tinker made one desperate rush to the first vacant space at the ship's side, and without more ado, sprang up on to the bulwarks.

"Dis de way I se gwine to wash dem dam feeders off!" he shouted.

And overboard he leaped.

A cry of alarm was raised.

But before a second cry could be uttered, Bogey was after him.

In an instant the adventure was robbed of its comic aspect.

Alarm was depicted upon every countenance.

The cry was raised:

"Man overboard!"

"Lower boats!"

"Ay—ay, sir."

Old Nat Cringle and another well-disciplined man—old salts who had served in the Royal Navy—set to work promptly and methodically, without any of that wild hurry-scurry which defeats itself.

Two boats were very promptly lowered.

"There's no danger for Tinker," said Jack.

"He swims like any fish in the sea."

"And as for Bogey, he could live for a week in the water," added Harry.

Everybody had rushed over to the side of the vessel, and all eyes were straining eagerly after the two negro boys.

But no signs of them were visible at present.

"They don't seem to come up very quickly," said Jack, anxiously.

Mr. Figgins was precious ill at ease now.

This desperate conclusion to the fun quite spoiled the joke, and he would have given something never to have had a hand in it.

"Dear—dear," he exclaimed, "I hope no harm will come to the poor boys."

His distress of mind was so genuine that Jack Harkaway took pity upon him, and did his best to reassure him.

"They had a good deep dive," said he. "It's no joke—a jump from the side here. But I'll wager that they are only taking a second dive, just to frighten us."

But now the boats were lowered, Nat Cringle and another sailor in one, and three sailors in the other.

They pulled away from the ship some little distance, until a welcome cry came from one of the boats:

"There are are!"

"Where?"

"Out yonder, ever so far."

"I see them," cried Jack.

"Tinker ahoy!" shouted Nat Cringle. "Bogey, you waggybone, come back."

"Tinker!"

Tinker was seen swimming lazily along with one hand, while with the other he was busily engaged upon his feathers, which stuck to him with remarkable pertinacity.

"Tinker."

Tinker was within hearing now.

"I se comin'," he answered, "when dese bressed feeders all off."

It was a curious sight to watch the antics of the sable pair in the water.

They both could do just as they liked in it, and the way they paddled around each other, and trod the water with their feet while they picked the feathers off each other's carcass, was a regular side-splitting sight.

Suddenly a cry was raised which sent a thrill of terror through every frame.

"Sharks!"

"Drop that, Small," cried Jack Harkaway; "that's no joke."

"That it ain't, sir," replied the sailor, "but a born fact; look there."

Jack followed the direction in which the sailor pointed, and then he perceived a huge white shark playing about under the ship's counter.

"Shark!" shouted Jack, with all his force.

"Den be golly, Massa Harkaway," replied Tinker, "you tar and fedder him."

"Into the boat with you!" yelled Jack, wildly; "sharks, I say."

Every instant he expected to see the monster turn and dart in the direction of the unhappy negroes. But strangely enough the shark did not appear to notice them.

As soon as the word "shark" was spoken, a Yankee sailor named Biles, bolted down below and reappeared laden with a strong chain and hook, upon which was fixed a huge morsel of fat pork.

Besides this, he carried two other pieces of meat.

The pork bait struck the water.

Then the Yankee sailor threw over one of his pieces of loose bait, a little nearer to where the shark was swimming about.

The monster of the deep struck after it as it sank, and snapped it up.

Then he shot out after the next piece, and Biles gave a sudden tug at the line he had affixed to the chain.

"Hooked him!" exclaimed Biles; "hurrah!"

The interest now was clean gone from Tinker

and Bogey, who were safe, and centered in the white shark, who had just swallowed Mr. Biles' bait in the mildest and most unsuspecting manner imaginable.

Now, as soon as the shark felt the hook, he made a desperate plunge to get free, and had not the line been a precious stout one, it would never have stood the shock.

As it was, however, it held out bravely.

Biles played with him a bit, and let him run out a good distance.

Then he tightened his rope, and began to haul in.

Mr. Shark objected, but the Yankee would not be denied.

"He's getting bad," said one of the bystanders; "I wouldn't like to be near him now."

Tinker, it would seem, entertained quite a different opinion, as we shall see.

As soon as he got alongside, he scrambled up on deck like a monkey and ran off down below.

"There goes Tinker," laughed Jack.

In the space of a few minutes, back came Tinker, carrying a freshly-ground cutlass.

Jack saw him, and stepped forward in some alarm.

What could he mean?

Was he about to wreak vengeance upon Mr. Figgins?

He feared so.

"Now, sir, what is this for?" asked Jack, sternly.

"I se gwine to take a walk wid Massa Shark."

Tinker then sprang up on to the bulwark, and waved his cutlass as he called out very loudly to the orphan:

"Now, Massa Figbox, I se gwine to show you how to carve up shark for table. If you got de pluck, jist you come and tar and fedder him."

Then with a wild, derisive laugh, and before any one could interfere to stop him in his mad freak, over he plunged again, sword in hand.

The water was clear and translucent, and they could see fathoms down.

But Tinker went clear out of sight.

They watched eagerly for his reappearance, but a sudden and violent plunge of the shark drew off their attention.

"Look out," cried Biles.

Just then the shark shook all over again, as if suddenly palsied, and the water was dyed red all around him.

Then Tinker suddenly shot up to the surface upon the other side of the shark, swimming with his left arm, while in his right hand he waved the cutlass, dripping with blood.

He had contrived to keep under long enough to plunge the cutlass thrice into the monster's belly.

The third time up to the hilt it went, and Tinker had a bath of blood.

The shark had had enough.

It rolled over, and then lay flat and motionless upon the water.

Tinker had done for him.

"Bravo, Tinker!"

A dozen voices caught up the cry, and Jack's brave boy Tinker became the hero of the hour.

## CHAPTER III.

NEWS FROM HOME—STRANGE TIDINGS—ROBBERY, "AY, AND FORGERY, TOO!"—PRECAUTIONS—ON AGAIN—THE TURKISH PORT—DARE-DEVIL JACK—A PROMISE OF ADVENTURE ONCE MORE.

A RIGHT pleasant cruise they had, and we would fain linger with them as they pursue their way up the sunny Mediterranean. But we must bear in mind how great is the work before us, and how small is the space remaining at our disposal, and resist temptation.

Let us push on, then.

Malta was the most important station on their way, and this was because sundry passengers were expecting letters there from home.

Among the number was Jack Harkaway.

Letters from home!

Welcome, indeed, were they to everyone on board.

And they who hoped for some sign from those they had left behind, and found not a line, were naturally sadly crestfallen and disappointed.

Any but the veriest egotist might surely think of those that are far away.

A few short lines, however hastily written, may send a thrill of joy through the heart of the absent one.

It is cruel, then, to neglect such a duty, under the plea that you "are such a bad correspondent," or that you detest writing letters.

The worse pretext of all is, perhaps, the one which is the most frequently made; "I haven't had time."



The very slowest of slow correspondents can find time to idle away some scattered moments of his or her busiest day.

Never mind if your orthography is weak enough to cause you to run a muck at a "bee."

No matter if your pothooks and hangers are execrable.

Send the absent and expectant ones a scrawl.

Let them be able to decipher no more than the bare address, it will cause them a feeling of pleasure, be assured.

Well, Jack Harkaway and his friends were among the lucky ones.

There was letters for Jack and Harry Girdwood.

Jack's first

His will tell a tale for itself which should not be without a certain interest for the faithful, who have followed his fortunes up to the present.

Jack comfortably seated himself, broke the seal, and began to read the letter from home.

And this is the letter which old Jack Harkaway had written to his hopeful son.

"MY OWN DEAR JACK.—Since receiving your first letter, I have written to you twice. Your dear mother has likewise, and although we have heard from you twice, your letters contain no acknowledgement of ours. What does this mean? Can our letters have miscarried? We fear so. Need I go over the old ground, my dear boy? Need I say how wild with joy we were to receive your first letter, and to learn that you had escaped the peril which the deliberate villany of old Murray had placed you in? This is my fourth letter to you.

"Now it is very remarkable that you should not reply, because my letters both alluded to a matter which should certainly have claimed your attention. I allude to your extravagance. This, my dear boy, is a new weakness, and one which should be nipped in the bud. When you draw checks for four hundred pounds at once, it is high time to reflect upon what is going forward, upon how far you may be allowing yourself to be led away by persons who are either thoughtless or unscrupulous. And I certainly feel it my duty to mention the fact, as habits of extravagance expenditure are likely to grow upon one, and at a time or other there comes, however great your fortune, an imperative necessity to put on the skid and pull up; this would be attended with painful feelings of self-sacrifice. I hope that an early date will bring on an acknowledgment of this letter, and the assurance that both yourself and Harry are well and happy and not too wild.

"Your affectionate father,  
"J. H."

Jack was astonished. What could it mean?

He ran away after Harry Girdwood as fast as his legs would take him.

Harry had received letters, too, from England.

One of these was in a lady's handwriting, and he was eagerly reading it when his friend exclaimed:

"Harry."

"What is it, Jack?"

"Read that."

He placed his father's letter in Harry's hands.

Harry read it down, but on coming to the four hundred pounds question, Jack's comrade was surprised.

"What does this mean, Harry?"

Harry pondered a long while over this before he spoke.

"There is but one explanation possible," said Harry.

"And that is?"

"Villany. Forgery."

"Good Heaven, Harry!" exclaimed Jack, "it is impossible."

"What other explanation can you give me?"

"None."

"Now, Jack," said Harry, presently, "let us be practical. How could any stranger draw upon your credit?"

"Only with my checks," replied Jack; "but the honest truth is that I have never examined my check-book for some time."

"Then we must examine the check-book at once," said Harry.

Jack soon had his check-book before him.

It looks all right," said Jack. "Here's the last check that I drew."

"Go through it, Jack," said the more thoughtful Harry.

Jack soon discovered that several checks had been abstracted.

What can this mean, Harry?" cried Jack, aghast; "who has done it?"

"Do your suspicions rest on anyone, Jack?"

"No."

"I tell you what, Jack," said Harry, "we can't trace it now, that is as clear as daylight. But the first step is to write home."

"Yes."

"Note down the numbers of the stolen checks."

This was done.

"Now, in addition to this, write home that every check you draw in future will bear some mark or sign in addition to your signature."

"Good!" said Jack. "I'll put your initials—H. G."

"That will do as well as anything else."

"Now, then, to write home."

The robbery of the checks had been cunningly contrived.

They never suspected the real culprits.

But the numbers of the checks being sent home, nothing was easier than to trace them.

Each check reached the London bankers with several endorsements which would enable them to go right back to the original negotiator of it in Spain.

There was a chance, then, of the crime being punished.

We shall see the result.

\* \* \* \* \*

The vessel made no more stoppages of any importance until they came to a port not a thousand miles from Lagos.

Here they cast anchor.

"I know the English consul here," said Captain Deering, "and he is a man of some distinction! He is likely to stand well enough with the pasha to make matters pretty comfortable for us while we stay here."

"That sounds like business, Captain Deering," said Jack. "I should like to go over the place."

"The pasha is sure to invite us. The only one word of recommendation I have to offer you, Mr. Harkaway, is that no mention be made of the harem."

"Why?"

"The subject is tabooed, according to Turkish etiquette."

"Oh, crikey! what fun we could have among 'em, then," said Jack.

"And they might have fun with you," replied Captain Deering, significantly.

"What sort?"

"They have various diversions with the too curious," returned the skipper. "Bowstringing is a favorite pastime, impaling is another."

"And so we can't see the harem!" said Jack.

"Not only can't see it, but you must not mention it."

"That is the most unlucky thing of all."

"I was wrong in saying you could not see it. You can see the outside of it. There, that large window, before which dangles a palm-leaf mat as a sunblind, right upon the edge of the water—that is the saloon, answering to the drawing-room, in which the beauties of the seraglio assemble."

"I should like to have a peep," said Jack, anxiously.

The skipper pulled a precious long face.

"No nonsense, Master Jack," said he, seriously. "It would cost you your life."

"Rather a long price to pay for a peep, captain."

"Yes, Jack, take my advice, and do not risk your life by attempting to annoy the Turks."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Harry," said Jack, some time afterwards.

"Well, Jack?"

"Tinker and Bogey are in the boat already."

"I'm afraid it is rather risky, Jack, after what Captain Deering said."

"Then don't come."

"If you are going."

"I am."

"Then so am I. Where you go, Jack, I'll go. I don't mind danger; I don't quite think it right to rush into it for sheer foolery, but I'm blowed if you shall go alone."

"Stow your palaver then," said Jack, with a grin, "and over you go."

The old Harkaway temper was in him.

The spirit of adventure was too strong within him to be resisted, no matter what the danger might be.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A MOONLIGHT ADVENTURE AFLOAT—THE BLACK BOATMEN AND THEIR MYSTERIOUS CARGO—A SACK FOR A COFFIN—THE ASSASSINATION—THE DEATH CRY—TINKER THE AVENGER—HOW HE SET TO WORK—RETREAT.

It was a bright moonlight night, so they resolved to go ashore.

Tinker and Bogey rowed, pulling hard, and Jack steered, while Harry Girdwood stood up in the boat, and gave the necessary directions.

"Let's make for the creek up beside that palace," said he, pointing to a dark inlet on the right; "that's our best chance."

"Hush!"

They rested awhile upon their oars in silence, for from the pasha's palace came a warning sound.

A gong sounded in the distance, then came the grating of a heavy gate, and forth from the creek came a boat.

Now in this boat were two men, turbaned black fellows of sinister aspect, who were bringing a strange-looking burden out to sea.

In the boat was a sack, filled to the neck with something which riveted their attention, in spite of its outline being so confused and indistinct.

"What's that they have in the sack?" whispered Harry Girdwood.

"Hush!"

"They don't see us."

The palace cast such a black shadow in the strong moonlight, that where our friends were in their boat, they were almost invisible.

Their presence was unsuspected by the newcomers, who pulled out into the open, and then proceeded to complete the object of their journey.

They shipped their oars, and each took an end of their strange burden.

Then on a given signal the sack was hoisted up, and—

A piercing shriek rent the air.

There was no mistaking the direction from whence it came—the sack.

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"What does it mean, Jack?" whispered Harry.

Jack's answer was a single word, but expressive.

"Murder!"

"I believe it is."

"What shall we do?"

"We could never save the poor wretch, whatever we did, and we should only get into trouble uselessly."

"Hush!"

Another shriek, louder than before.

A muttered curse or two came from the boat where the tragedy was being enacted.

The sack was hoisted up, and then pushed over the boat's side.

A dull, heavy splash.

All was over.

A creepy, crawly feeling seized the occupants of the boatload of spectators of this crime, and Harry Girdwood shivered as he said in a whisper:

"It sounded like a woman's voice, I thought."

"So did I," replied Jack; "but you could hardly tell, muffled as the voice was."

"Murdered a gal," quoth Tinker. "I'll see off, Massa Jack, to Charlestown after 'em."

"Brave Tinker!" cried Jack, "you can do little good."

But as he spoke, Tinker dropped over into the water.

He shot down under the water, and struck out at a great pace for the boat containing the assassins.

He was alongside of it in a crack, just as the two colored villains in the boat put out the oars again to row back.

He made a sudden grab at the nearest of the oars, and wrested it out of the rower's hand.

Then, before the two could recover from their surprise, he sprang at the edge of the boat, and jerking on it with his whole weight, over it went.

The next instant all three were scrambling in the water together.

The assassins raised a terrible hubbub, that soon brought assistance from the palace.

Lights were seen flashing to and fro, and an alarm gong was heard beating.

"Jack."

"What now?"

"Sharp's the word."

"Good."

"Where's Tinker?"

"I don't know. We must wait for him."

"Yes; if we don't he'd be bowstrung before many hours are over."

"Unless he is lucky enough to get drowned."

"Tinker, halloo!"

"Hist! Tinker—Tinker," cried Harry Girdwood.

The young negro's lithe form was soon seen shooting, eel-like, through the water, and soon he was dragged into the boat.



"Tinker, you vagabond, you've ruined all," said Jack.

"Yes, sar."

"And as soon as we get back, I'm going to have you tied up, and give you a dozen."

"Cakes, sir?"

"No, lashes."

"Golly!" cried the negro, "that's luck for dis chile. What's I been doing?"

"You have spoiled one of the best adventures we could have had."

"And I spile them vagabonds' beauty, sar. No violence, sar; Tinker only rub the boat's skull agin the nigger's skull—rader hard, sar, like, and, oh golly! Massa Harkaway, you heerd 'em squirm and squeal."

"I did, and so did they hear them in the palace. The game's up for to-night, and all through you. We must try again to-morrow."

Tinker sulked.

"I thought you allus liked, Massa Harkaway, to pay out dem dam catawampus, thundering, immense thieves, sar. I should like to spifficate de whole bilin', sar."

"Did they see you?"

"Dey too frightened, sar," grinned the darkey.

"What could they have taken you for?" asked Tinker.

"De debil," suggested Bogey, promptly.

"Very likely," said Jack. "Tinker's not unlike him."

"Well, sar, you ought to know; I don't keep sich company myself, sar, and can't say."

The boats from the palace were seen issuing from the water gate at the side, with lanterns at the bow of each boat; so the adventurous party pulled back as fast as possible to the ship, deferring the visit till next day, then to make it in more regular if less exciting manner.

## CHAPTER V.

JACK GETS INTO HOT WATER—A MORAL LESSON, AND HOW HE PROFITED BY IT—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE matter was not ended here, however.

When they got on board, there was a very serious reception awaiting them.

Their project had been discovered and betrayed to the skipper by some officious noodle, and Captain Willis was not a little alarmed.

The consequences might be very serious.

So the captain had Jack and Harry Girdwood up, and gave them a word or two as a sort of warning.

"We wish to preserve the most friendly relations with the people here, Mr. Harkaway," said he, severely; "and this sort of adventure is not calculated to achieve our object."

Jack did not attempt to deny what had occurred.

"We have done no harm," he said; "we were simply cruising about when we saw murder done. We arrived too late to prevent it, but Tinker was pleased to take it upon himself to avenge the murdered woman, for a woman it was, as we could tell from her shrieks as the sack went under and stifled them forever."

The captain was somewhat startled at this.

"Is this true?"

"I would have you know, captain, that I am not in the habit of saying what is not true."

The captain bowed stiffly at young Jack's rebuke.

"I don't wish to imply anything else," he said; "but before you get too high up in the stirrups, young gentleman, remember that I command here. Remember that in your own thirst for excitement, you act in a way likely to compromise me as well as everybody on board. You are not wanting in a proper appreciation of right and wrong. Before you add anything worse to the present discussion, reflect. The injured air which you are pleased to assume is out of place. I leave you to your own reflections, young gentleman."

And so saying, the captain turned away and left him.

Jack's first impulse was to walk after the captain, and fire a parting shot.

But Harry Girdwood's hand arrested him.

"Don't be foolish, Jack," said he.

"Let go, I—"

"Don't be foolish, I say, Jack," persisted Harry Girdwood. "Do you know what you are saying?"

"Are you siding against me?" exclaimed Jack.

"In a general sense I am not against you, but I can't approve of your replies. You had no right to retort, and I shouldn't be a true pal, Jack, if I spoke to your face against my convictions."

Jack sulked for a little time.

And then he did as the captain had advised. He reflected.

He was very soon led back to the correct train of thought, and being a lad of high moral courage, as well as physically brave, he was not afraid to acknowledge when he was in the wrong.

Harry Girdwood walked a little way off.

Young Jack—dare-devil Jack colored up as he walked to Harry and held out his hand.

"Tip us your fin, messmate," he said, with forced gaiety. "You are right, I was wrong, of course."

He turned off.

"Where are you going?" demanded Harry.

"To the captain."

"What for?"

"To apologize for being insolent."

Off he went.

"Captain Willis."

"Do you want me, Mr. Harkaway?" asked the captain.

The chief mate was standing by, and Jack did not feel that he had so far offended as to have to expiate his fault in public.

"When you are disengaged, Captain Willis, I would beg the favor of half a word with you."

"Is it urgent, Mr. Harkaway?" he asked.

"I have been refractory, Captain Willis."

A faint smile stole over the captain's face in spite of his endeavor to repress it.

"I will see you below presently," he said to the mate. "Come down to me in a quarter of an hour or so."

"Yes, sir," said the mate.

"Now, Mr. Harkaway, I'm at your service," said Captain Willis, walking forward.

Jack grew rather red in the face at this.

Then he made a plunge, and blurted it all out.

"I have been an idiot, Captain Willis, and I want you to know that I thoroughly appreciate your fairness and high sense of justice."

"Now you are flattering me, Mr. Harkaway," said the captain.

"Captain Willis," said impetuous Jack, "if you call me Mr. Harkaway, I shall think that you are stiff-backed and bear malice."

"What a wild fellow you are," said the captain. "Why, what on earth shall I call you?"

"Jack, sir," returned our hero. "John on Sundays and holidays, if you prefer it, just as a proof that you don't bear any ill feeling to a madman, who has the good luck to have a lucid interval, and to apologize heartily as I do now."

The captain held out his hand.

Jack dropped his into it with a spank, and grasped it warmly.

"Don't say any more on this subject, Mr. — I mean, Jack," said the captain, smiling, "or you will make me quite uncomfortable."

And so the matter ended.

Jack could not be dull for long together.

He plucked up his old vivacity, and went off to Mr. Figgins' cabin.

"I must go and give the orphan a turn," said he.

## CHAPTER VI.

TURKISH CUSTOMS—JACK GIVES THE ORPHAN A NOTION OF WHAT HE MAY EXPECT—MATRIMONIAL WEAKNESSES—PASHA BLUEBEARD—THE SORT OF MAN HE IS—HIS EXCELLENCY'S VISIT—MR. FIGGINS IS SPECIALLY INVITED—HOPES AND FEARS.

JACK found Mr. Figgins in his cabin, squatting on a cushion cross-legged.

Tinker and Bogey were attending upon him.

Since their desperate dive into the sea, and the adventure with the shark, the two darkeys and the orphan had become fast friends.

"Halloo, Mr. Figgins," said Jack, in surprise, "what's going forward now?"

"Only practicing Turkish manners and customs," returned Mr. Figgins, quite seriously. "I mean to go ashore to-morrow, and make some acquaintances; I shouldn't like to appear quite strange when I got ashore. When in Rome—"

"You must do as the Romans do," added young Jack.

"Yes; and when in Turkey," said the orphan, "you must—"

"Do as the Turks do," concluded Jack.

"Precisely," added the orphan. "That's it."

"You are practicing to smoke the long hookah—to begin with."

"Yes—no—it's a chibouk," said Mr. Figgins.

"That is all you have to know, I believe, to make yourself thoroughly well received in Turkish polite society."

"Everything," responded Jack, "with a hook—"

"I didn't feel very comfortable over it at

first," said the orphan, "but I'm getting on now."

"There's one danger you are exposed to on going ashore."

"What's that?"

"Any gentleman having the slightest pretensions to good looks is nearly always obliged to get married a few times."

Mr. Figgins stared aghast at this.

"A few times?"

"Yes."

"But I'm an orphan."

"No matter, it's a fact, sir, I assure you," said Jack, gravely.

Mr. Figgins looked exceedingly alarmed.

"If I could believe that there was anything more in that than your joking, Mr. Jack, I should be precious uncomfortable."

"Why?"

"Because my experience of matrimony has been anything but pleasant already," responded the orphan.

"You have been married, then?" said Jack, in surprise.

"Once."

"Very moderate that, sir," said Jack. "You are a widower, I suppose, then?"

"I suppose so."

"You are not sure?"

"Not quite."

"Ah, well, then, it won't be so bad for you as it might."

"What won't?"

"Marriage."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jack," exclaimed the orphan; "my experience of the happy state was anything but agreeable with one wife. Goodness knows how long I should survive if I had, as you say, several wives."

"Don't worry yourself, Mr. Figgins," said Jack, "but it is just as well to be prepared."

"For what?"

"An emergency. You don't know what might happen to you in this country."

Mr. Figgins looked really very anxious at this.

"I don't well see how they can marry a man."

"That's not the question, Mr. Figgins. You couldn't refuse. It would cost you your life for a certainty."

The orphan nearly rolled off his cushion.

"What?"

"Fact, I assure you," said Jack, gravely.

"Explain."

"You will be expected to pay a visit of state to the pasha."

"Yes."

"That is the greatest honor on landing, for a stranger."

"What is a pasha?"

"The governor of the province, a regular Bung."

"Well."

"Bluebeard was a pasha, you remember."

"No—no," interrupted the orphan, delighted to show his historical accuracy. "Bluebeard was a bashaw."

"It is the same thing, another way of writing or pronouncing the identical same dignity or rank. Well, you know that polygamy is the pet vice of the followers of Islam."

"Oh, it's dreadful, Jack."

"The greater the man, the greater the polygamist. A pasha has as many wives as he can keep, and more, too. The pasha of this province is not rich for his rank, and for his matrimonial proclivities."

"Lor!"

"How many wives should you suppose he has?" asked Jack, with an air of deep gravity.

"Don't know," replied the orphan, quietly.

"Ninety-eight living."

"Mr. Figgins jumped up and dropped his chibouk."

"Never."

"A fact," asserted Jack, with gravity.

"Why, the man must be a regular Bluebeard."

"You've hit it, sir," responded Jack; "that's the sort of man he is."

"Well, that is all very well for the Turks and for these old sinners, the pashas, but I am an Englishman."

"This is the way it will most likely be done," continued Jack. "On your presentation to his excellency the pasha, you are expected to make some present. The pasha makes a return visit of ceremony, and leaves behind him some solid evidence of his liberality."

"Well?"

"Well, but the very highest compliment that a pasha can pay you is to leave you one of his wives. He generally makes it an old stock-keeper, something that has been a good thirty years or so in the seraglio."



Mr. Figgins took the liveliest interest in this narrative.

He was growing rapidly convinced of the truth of Jack's descriptions of these singular manners and customs of the country in which they were.

Yet he eyed Jack as one who has a lingering doubt.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Figgins, "I don't think that I shall join you on your visit ashore in the morning."

"We'll see in the morning," said Jack; "it's a pity to put off your trip for the sake of such a trifling danger as that of having a wife or two given to you."

"It's no use," said Mr. Figgins, "my mind is fully made up; I shall not visit the pasha."

"It will be taken as a grave insult to go ashore without paying your respects to his excellency."

"I can't help that," returned the orphan, resolutely; "I won't visit him."

"Mr. Figgins," said Jack, in a voice of deep solemnity, "these Turks are cruel, vindictive, and revengeful. The last Englishman who refused, was, by order of the pasha, skinned alive, placed on the sunny side of a wall, and blown to death by flies."

"Surely the Turks are not such barbarians," said Mr. Figgins.

"You'll find they are. They'd think no more of polishing you off than of killing a fly."

If that rascal Jack intended to make poor Mr. Figgins uneasy, he certainly succeeded very well.

Mr. Figgins looked supremely miserable.

"Good-night, Mr. Figgins. Think it over."

"I tell you I—"

"Never mind, don't decide too rashly. Pleasant dreams."

"Pleasant dreams," said the orphan. "I shall have the nightmare."

The orphan's pillow was haunted that night by visions of a terrible nature.

He fancied himself in the presence of a turbaned Turk, a powerful pasha, who was sitting cross-legged on an ottoman, smoking a pipe, of endless length, and holding in his hand a drawn sword—a cimeter that looked ready to chop his head off.

Beside this terrible Turk stood five ladies, in baggy trousers, and long veils.

No words were spoken, but instinctively the orphan knew that he had to decide between the cimeter and the quartet of wives—wall-flowers of the pasha's harem.

Silently, in mute horror, the orphan was about to submit to the least of the two evils, and choose a wife.

Then he awoke suddenly.

What an immense relief it was to find it only a dream after all.

"I don't quite believe that young Harkaway," said the orphan, dubiously; "he is such a dreadful practical joker. But I won't go on shore, nevertheless. It's not very interesting to see these savages, after all; they really are nothing more than savages."

And after a long and tedious time spent in endeavoring to get to sleep again, he dropped off.

But only to dream again about getting very much married.

\* \* \* \* \*

He slept far into the morning, for his dreams had disturbed him much, and he was tired out.

When he awoke, there was some one knocking at his cabin door.

"Come in."

"It's only me, Mr. Figgins," said a familiar voice.

"Come in, captain."

Captain Deering entered.

"Not up yet, Mr. Figgins?" he said, in surprise.

"We've got visitors aboard already."

"Dear me."

"Distinguished visitors. The pasha and his suite."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the orphan, sitting up.

"Fact, sir," returned the captain. "It must be ten years since I last had the honor of an interview with his excellency."

"You know him, then, Captain Deering?"

"Rather. Been here often. Know every inch of the country," said the captain.

"What sort of a man is the pasha?" said the orphan, thinking of Jack's statement.

"Oh, a decent fellow enough, unless he's riled," was the reply.

"Do you speak the language?" said the orphan.

"Like a native."

"Is he as much married as they say?" demanded Mr. Figgins.

The captain smiled.

"His excellency has a weakness that way;

but," he added, in a warning voice, "you must not make any allusion to that."

"I won't see him," said Mr. Figgins. "I don't intend to visit him."

"But I have come to fetch you to pay your respects."

"Where?"

"Here, on board, in the state saloon."

"But—"

"Make haste, Mr. Figgins," interrupted Captain Deering. "It is no joke to make a pasha wait. Look alive. I'll come and fetch you in five minutes. Up you get."

And then Captain Deering departed.

Mr. Figgins was sorely perplexed now.

But he soon arose and began to dress himself as quickly as possible.

"After all," he said to himself, "it is just as well. I should certainly like to see the pasha, and this is a bit of luck, for there's no danger here at any rate, if what that young Harkaway said was true."

He went to the cabin door, and shouted out for Tinker.

"Tinker!"

"He's engaged," answered Captain Deering, who was close by.

"I want him."

"He's away attending his excellency in the saloon," returned Captain Deering.

"Bogey then."

"Bogey's there too."

"Never mind."

"Are you nearly ready?"

"Yes."

"Look sharp. I wouldn't have his excellency put out of temper for the world; it would be sure to result in the bowstringing of a few of his poor devils of slaves when he got ashore again, and you wouldn't care to have that on your conscience."

Mr. Figgins hurriedly completed his toilet.

"What a fiend this wretched old bigamist must be," he said to himself. "I'm precious glad that young Harkaway warned me, after all. I might have got into some trouble if I had gone ashore without knowing this."

"Stop," said the captain. "Have you any thing to take his excellency as a present?"

This made the orphan feel a little nervous.

It tended to confirm what young Jack had said.

"Is it, then, the custom to take presents?" he said.

"Yes."

"What shall I give?"

"Anything. That's a very nice watch you wear."

"Must I give that?"

"Yes. His excellency is sure to present you with a richer one; that's Turkish etiquette."

This again corroborated Jack's words.

Yet it was a far more pleasant way of putting it than Jack had thought fit to do.

Mr. Figgins only objected to a present of wives.

Anything rich in the way of jewelry was quite another matter.

"On entering the presence, you have only to prostrate yourself three times; the third time you work it so that you just touch his excellency's toe with your lips."

"I hope his excellency's boots will be clean."

"His excellency would not insult you by letting you kiss his boot. No boot or stocking does he wear."

Mr. Figgins made an awfully wry face at this.

"Ugh! I don't like the idea of kissing a naked toe."

"You'll soon get used to it," said the captain, cheerfully, "when you've kissed as many pasha's toes as I have. Hold your tongue—here we are."

He pushed open the saloon door, and ushered Mr. Figgins into the presence of his excellency.

## CHAPTER VII.

MORE ABOUT CHIVEY AND HIS MASTER—THE FATAL PIT—IS IT THE END?—ARTFUL CHIVEY AND THE ARTFULLER NOTARY—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—HOW THE TIGER PREPARED TO SPRING—HERBERT MURRAY IN DANGER.

BEFORE we proceed to describe the orphan's presentation to that arch polygamist, the Turkish pasha, and the remarkable results of that interview, we must look around and see if we are not neglecting any of the characters whose eventful careers we have undertaken to chronicle.

We are losing sight of one at least, who has a very decided claim upon our attention.

This person is none other than Herbert Murray.

The reader will not have forgotten under what circumstances we parted company with his unscrupulous father.

Goaded to desperation by his villanous servant, Herbert Murray turned upon the traitor and hurled him down the gravel pit.

Then the assassin walked away from the scene.

But ere he had got far, his steps were arrested by the sound of a groan.

A groan that came from the gravel pit.

"Was it my fancy?"

No.

Surely not.

There it was again.

A low moan—a wail of anguish.

Back he went, muttering to himself:

"Not dead?"

He went around nearly to the bottom of the pit, and peered over.

There was Chivey leaning upon his elbow, groaning with the severity of his bruises, and the dreadful shock he had received.

"You've done for me now," he moaned, as he caught sight of his master.

"No; but I shall," retorted the assassin.

And he took a deliberate aim with the pistol.

"I expected this," said Chivey, faintly; "but remember murder is a hanging matter."

"I shall escape," retorted Murray, coldly.

"But you can't," said Chivey, with a grin of triumph, even as he groaned.

There was something in his manner which made Murray uneasy.

"Twenty-four hours after I'm missing," gasped Chivey, "your forgery will be in the hands of the police; they can get you back for forgery, and while you're in the dock of the Old Bailey, if not before, to stand your trial for forgery, they will have a clew to my murder."

His words caused Murray a singular thrill.

"What do you mean by that, traitor?" he demanded.

"Mean? Why, I know you too well to trust you. I tell you I have taken every possible precaution. Now," he added, sinking back exhausted, "now my young and sweet pleasant, fire away."

Murray paused, and concealed his pistol.

Was it true about these precautions?

Chivey was as vindictive as he was cunning.

He had shown this in very action.

"Supposing I spare you?" said Murray.

"You can't," retorted the tiger; "I'm done for."

"So much the better."

"So you say now," returned Chivey, his voice growing fainter and fainter. "Wait and remember my words—I'll be revenged."

He gasped for breath.

Then all was still.

Was he dead?

Murray trembled with fear at the thought.

The words of the revengeful tiger rang in his ear.

And he strode away.

Silent and moody as befits one bearing the brand of Cain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chivey was far from being as badly hurt as he at first appeared.

He had no bones broken, his worst injuries being a few bruises and a very unpleasant shaking.

But Chivey was artful.

He thought it best to keep quiet until Herbert Murray should be gone.

Chivey struggled up on to his knees.

Then he began to crawl along the sand-pit.

Progress was difficult at first.

But he persevered and got along in time.

"If these bruises would only let me think how further to act," he muttered to himself, as groaning, he crawled back to the town.

"Senor Valasquez," he said to himself, as a happy thought crossed him. "Senor Valasquez is my man for a million."

He paused to think over the ways and means, and a cunning smile deepened on his face, as he gradually made up his mind.

"The worst of this is that I must have a confederate," muttered the young schemer. "No matter, there is only one way out of it, and I must make the best of it."

Senor Velasquez was an obscure notary.

Chivey had made a chatting acquaintance with the notary in the town, the Spaniard speaking English with tolerable proficiency.

"What is the nature of the secret you hold in terror over your master?" demanded the notary, when Chivey at length reached his office.

Chivey smiled.



"I said it was a secret, Mr. Velasquez," he answered.

"But if you seek my advice about that," the notary made reply, "I must know all the particulars of the case."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes."

"Why?"

"How can I advise you if you keep me in the dark?"

Chivey leered at the Spanish notary and grinned.

"Don't you try and come the old soldier over me, please," he said.

"Old soldier?" said Senor Velasquez, in surprise.

"Yes."

"What is 'old soldier?' What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir, the artful."

"Is this English?" exclaimed the notary.

"Rather."

"Well, I confess I do not understand it."

"Then," said Chivey, getting quite cheerful as he warmed into the matter, "I think your English education has been very seriously neglected, that's what I think."

"Possibly," said the Spaniard. "I only learnt your tongue as a student, and am not well grounded in slang."

"More's the pity."

There was a spice of contempt in Chivey's tone which appeared rather to aggravate Senor Velasquez.

"You are too clever, Mr. Chivey," said he, "far too clever. Now you want to keep your secret, and I shall guess that your secret concerns—"

He paused.

"Who?" asked Chivey.

"The young man whose letters you employed me to intercept."

The tiger looked alarmed.

"I mean the young Senor Jack Harkaway."

Chivey looked about him rather anxiously.

"Don't be so imprudent, Senor Velasquez," he said. "You are a precious dangerous party to have anything to do with."

"Not I," returned Senor Velasquez; "I am easily dealt with. But those who would deal with me must not be too cunning."

"You don't find nothing of that sort about me," said Chivey.

"What is it you require of me?" demanded the notary, getting vexed.

"He's a proud old cove," thought the tiger.

So he drew in his horns and met the notary half way.

"You are just right, Mr. Velasquez," he said.

"It does concern Jack Harkaway."

"I knew that."

"Now I want you to give me your promise not to tell what I am going to say to you, nor to make any use of it without my express permission."

"I promise. Now proceed, for I am pressed for time."

"I will," said the tiger resolutely.

The notary produced paper and writing materials.

"My master, Mr. Murray, has attempted my life," began Chivey, "and this is because I am possessed of certain secrets."

"I see."

"He is at the present moment under the idea that he has killed me. Now what I want is, to make him thoroughly understand that he does not get out of his difficulty by getting me out of the way, not by any manner of means at all."

"I see."

"How will you do it?"

"I will go and see him."

Chivey jumped at the idea immediately.

"Yes, sir, that's the sort; there's no letters then to tell tales against us."

"None."

"Get one from him, though, if you can," said Chivey, eagerly; "something compromising him yet deeper, like."

"I will do it," said Senor Velasquez. "And what will you pay for it? Give it a price."

"Thirty pounds," returned Chivey, in a feverish state of anxiety.

"I'll do it," returned the notary, with great coolness.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW SENOR VELASQUEZ PLAYED A DEEP GAME WITH CHIVEY—DOUBLE DEALING—HERBERT MURRAY'S CHANCE—"HARKAWAY MUST BE PUT AWAY"—A GUILTY COMPACT—CHIVEY IN DURANCE VILE—THE SICK ROOM AND THE OPiate—AN OVERDOSE—THE NOTARY'S GUARDIAN—THE SPANISH GAROTTE—"TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP IS A VERY BAD GAME."

SENOR VELASQUEZ was anything but a fool.

Chivey was not soft, but he was not competent to cope with such a keen spirit as this Spanish notary.

Senor Velasquez walked up to the hotel in which Herbert Murray was staying, and the first person he chanced to meet was Murray himself.

"I wish to have a word with you in private, Senor Murray," said the notary.

Murray looked anxiously around him, starting "like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons."

The bland smile of the Spanish notary reassured him, however.

"What can I do for Senor Velasquez?" he asked.

"I begged for a few words in private," answered Velasquez.

"Take a seat, Senor Velasquez," said Herbert Murray, "and now tell me how I can serve you," after entering his room.

The notary made himself comfortable in his chair.

"I can speak in safety now?" he said.

"Of course."

"No fear of interruption here?"

The notary looked Murray steadily in the eyes, as he said:

"I was thinking of your officious servant."

Herbert Murray changed color, as he faltered:

"Of whom?"

"Chivey, I think you call him—your groom, I mean."

"There is no fear from him now," said Murray, with averted eyes; "not the least in the world."

Senor Velasquez smiled significantly.

"Your man Chivey," resumed the Spanish notary, "has confided to me a secret."

"Concerning me?"

"Yes."

"The villain!"

"Now listen to me, Senor Murray. You have behaved very imprudently indeed. Your whole secret is with me."

Herbert started.

"With you?"

"Yes."

Herbert Murray glanced anxiously at the door. The notary followed his eyes with some inward anxiety, yet he did not betray his uneasiness at all.

"He was speaking the truth for once, then," said Murray. "He had confided his secret to someone else."

"Yes."

Herbert Murray walked around the room, and took up his position with his back to the door.

"Senor Velasquez," he said, in a low, but determined voice, "you have made an unfortunate admission. If there is a witness, it is only one; you are that witness, and your life is in danger."

The notary certainly felt uncomfortable, but he was too old a stager to display it.

Herbert Murray produced a pistol, which he proceeded to examine and to cock deliberately.

"That would not advance your purpose much, Senor Murray," he said, coolly; "the noise would bring all the house trooping into the room."

Murray was quite calm and collected now, and therefore he was open to reason.

"There is something in that," he said, "so I have a quieter helpmate here."

He uncocked the pistol, and put it in his breast pocket.

Then he whipped out a long Spanish stiletto.

"There are other reasons against using that."

"And they are?"

"Here is one," returned the notary, drawing a long, slender blade from his sleeve.

Murray was palpably disconcerted at this.

The Spanish notary and the young Englishman stood facing each other in silence for a considerable time.

The former was the first to break the silence.

"Now, look you here, Senor Murray," said he,

"I am not a child, nor did I, knowing all I know, come here unprepared for every emergency—aye, even for violence."

"Go on," said Murray, between his set teeth.

"You have imprudently placed yourself in the hands of an unscrupulous young man."

"I have."

"And he has proved himself utterly unworthy."

"Utterly."

"All of that is known to me," said the notary, craftily. "Now you must pay no heed to this Chivey."

"I will not," returned Herbert Murray, significantly, "though there is little fear of further molestation from him, senor."

Young Murray little dreamed of the cause of the notary's peculiar smile.

"Your sole danger, as I take it, Senor Murray, is from your fellow countryman, Jack Harkaway."

"Yes."

"Then to him you must direct your attention. Where is he?"

"Gone."

"Where to?"

"Don't know."

"I do, then," returned the notary, quietly, "and it is to tell you that that I am here. I have all the necessary information; you must follow him."

"How?"

Velasquez spoke not.

But his meaning was just as clear as if he had put it into words.

A vicious dig with his stiletto at the air.

Nothing more.

And so they began to understand each other.

\* \* \* \* \*

Senor Velasquez, the notary, was playing a double game.

From Herbert Murray he carefully kept the knowledge that Chivey still lived.

And why?

That knowledge would have lessened his hold.

The cunning way in which he let Herbert Murray understand that he knew all, even to the attempt upon Chivey's life at the gravel pits, completed the mastery in which he meant to hold the young rascal.

He arranged everything for young Murray.

He discovered for him the destination of the ship in which Jack Harkaway and his friends had escaped, and he procured him a berth on a vessel sailing in the same direction.

"Once you get within arm's length of this young Harkaway," he said, "you must be firm, and let your blow be sure."

"I will," returned his pupil.

"Once Harkaway is removed from your path, you may sleep in peace, for he alone can now punish you for forgery."

"I hope so."

"I know it," said Velasquez.

So well were the notary's plans laid, and so luckily did fortune play into his hands, that forty-eight hours after his interview with Murray, he had that young gentleman safely on board a ship outward bound.

Now Herbert Murray had passed but one night after that fearful scene by the gravel pit, but the remembrance of it haunted his pillow from the moment he went to bed to the moment he arose unrefreshed and full of fever.

And yet he was setting out with the intention of securing his future peace and immunity from peril by the commission of a fresh crime.

The ship was setting sail at a little after day-break, and it had been arranged that Senor Velasquez was to come and see him off.

But much to his surprise the notary did not put in an appearance.

Eagerly he waited for the ship to start, lest anything should occur at the eleventh hour, and he should find himself laid by the heels to answer for his crimes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Chivey was supposed to be hiding.

In reality he was a prisoner in the house of Senor Velasquez, and he knew it.

The notary was an old man, and he suffered from sundry ailments which belong to age—notably to rheumatism.

An acute attack prostrated the old man, and held him down when he was most anxious to be up and doing.

And the night before Herbert Murray was to set sail, he lay groaning and moaning with rack-ing pains.

His cries reached Chivey, who lay in the next room, and he came to the sick man's door to ask if he could be of any assistance.



CHAPTER IX.

He peered warily in.  
In spite of his groans and anguish, the old notary was insensible under the influence of an opiate.

Chivey crept in.  
On a low table beside the bed was a lamp flickering fearfully, and a glass containing some medicine.

Beside the glass a vial labelled laudanum.  
Something possessed the intruder to empty the contents of the vial into the glass, and just as he had done so, the sufferer opened his eyes.

"Who's there?"  
"It's me, Senor Velasquez," said the tiger.  
"You have been ill——"  
"What do you do here?" demanded the notary, sharply.

"You called out. I thought I might be of assistance."

"No—no."

"Then I will go, senor," said Chivey, "for I am tired."

"Stay, give me my physic before you go."

Chivey handed him the glass.  
The sick man gulped it down and made a wry face.

"How bitter it tastes," he said, with a shudder.

"Good-night, senor."  
"Good-night."

\* \* \* \* \*

Chivey did not remain very long absent.  
The heavy breathing of the notary soon told him that it was safe to return to the room.

The business of the morrow so filled the mind of the old Spaniard, that he was talking of it in his sleep.

"At an hour after daybreak, I tell you, Murray," he muttered. "The berth is paid for, paid for by my gold. You follow on the track of your enemy, Harkaway, and once you are within reach, give a sharp, sure stroke, and you will be free from your only enemy, seeing that you have already taken good care of your traitor servant."

Chivey was amazed, electrified.  
Did he hear aright?

"At daybreak?" he exclaimed, aloud.

"Yes, at daybreak," returned the notary in his sleep.

After a pause, the sleeper muttered:

"What say you? If Chivey were not quite dead? What of that? How could he follow you? He has no funds. The only money he possessed I have now in my strong box under the bed."

Chivey was staggered.

"Is Murray going to bolt, and leave me in the power of this old villain, I wonder?" he muttered.

He broke off in his speculations, for the notary was babbling something again.

"The *Mogador*," muttered the old man, speaking more thickly than before, as the opiate began to make itself felt; "the captain is called Gonzales. You have only to mention the name of Senor Velasquez, and he will treat you well. He knows me."

He muttered a few more words, which grew more and more incoherent each instant.

Then he lay back motionless as a log.

The opium held him fast in its power.

"Now for the box," exclaimed the tiger.

Chivey tore open the box, and lifting up some musty old deeds and parchments, he feasted his eyes upon a mine of wealth.

A pile of gold.  
Bright glittering pieces of every size and country.

And beside it thick bundles of paper money.

"Gold is uncommon pretty," said the tiger, "but the notes packs the closest."

Bundle after bundle he stowed away about his person, regularly padding his chest under his shirt.

"Now for a trifle of loose cash," he said, coolly.

So saying, he dropped about sixty or seventy gold pieces into his breeches pocket.

His waistcoat pockets he stuffed full also.

Then he pushed back the box into its place under the bed.

"The old man still sleeps," he said to himself, looking around at the bed.

He was in a rare good humor with himself.

"Ha—ha! I am rich now," said Chivey.

"Thank you, old senor, you have done me a good turn. May you sleep long."

He gave a final glance about him and made off.

\* \* \* \* \*

A distant church clock tolled the hour of midnight as he gained the seashore.

He was in luck.

Not a soul did he encounter until he reached the beach, when he came upon two sailors, launching a rowing boat.

"*Mogador*?" he said, in a tone of inquiry.

"Si, senor."

"That's your sort," said Chivey. "I want to see Captain Gonzales."

"Come with us, then," said one of the sailors.

"Rather," responded the tiger; "off we dive; whip 'em up, tickle him under the flank, and we're there in a common canter."

The sailors both understood a little of English.

In very little time they were standing on the deck of the *Mogador*.

And facing Chivey as he scrambled up the side, was the master of the ship, Captain Gonzales, to whom Chivey was presented at once, by one of the sailors.

"Senor Velasquez has sent me to you, captain," said the ever ready tiger.

"Then you are welcome."

"He told me to give you that," said Chivey, handing the captain a pair of banknotes; "and to beg you to give me the best of accommodation in a cabin all to myself."

"It shall be done."

"And above all not to let Mr. Murray know of my presence on board when he comes."

"Good."

"I am going on very important business for Senor Velasquez, captain," pursued Chivey, with infinite assurance; "as you may judge, for he values your care of me at one hundred crowns to be paid on your next visit here."

"Rely on my uttermost assistance."

"Thank you," said Chivey, with a patronizing smile; "and now I'll be obliged to you to show me to my berth."

"Here," cried the Spanish captain. "Pedro—Juan—Lopez. Take this gentleman to my private cabin."

The *Mogador* stood out to sea bravely enough.

Chivey was there.

Herbert Murray was there.

But the latter little suspected the presence of the former.

Herbert Murray, in fancied security, was reclining on deck upon some cushions he had got up from below, smoking lazily, and looking up at the blue sky overhead, when Chivey, who had been looking vainly out for an appropriate cue to make his reappearance, slipped suddenly forward, and touching his hat, remarked in the coolest manner in the world:

"Did you ring for me, sir?"

Herbert looked up as if he had seen a ghost.

"Chivey!"

"Guv'nor."

Herbert Murray stared at his villanous servant.

But villanous as Chivey was, Herbert Murray never thought a bit about that.

His heart leaped to his mouth, and he was overjoyed to find him there.

"Oh, Chivey, you vagabond!" he ejaculated.

"I'm so awfully glad to see you."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

There's a lot of truth in that trite and homely old saying.

For one little phrase from the guilty Herbert had come so straight from the heart that even the villanous tiger was touched immediately.

"Look here, guv'nor," said Mr. Chivey, "I don't think you are half so bad as I thought. My opinion is that you are not half as bad as some of 'em, and that the ugly job up at the gravel pits was all of my provoking. I bear no malice."

"You don't!" exclaimed his master, quite overjoyed.

"Not a bit."

"Shake hands."

Chivey obeyed.

And they were faster friends than ever after that.

But what about Senor Velasquez?

What about all their compacts with the villain?

For the time they were of no use to that plotter, whose plans had, up to the present time, failed.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE ORPHAN IS PRESENTED AT COURT—IS A BIT NERVOUS—LESSONS IN THE TURKISH LANGUAGE—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PASHA OF MANY WIVES—AN OFFICIAL PRESENT—BOW-STRINGING—AN EXECUTION—HORROR! THE ORPHAN'S PERIL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

HAVING got Chivey and his master together again, we now travel to the Turkish coast to be in the company of young Jack and his friends.

The orphan had been roused from his slumbers to be presented to the pasha of that province.

His excellency the pasha had done them the honor to pay them a visit of ceremony on board ship, and was seated in great state surrounded by his suite in the best saloon.

After the chief personages on board had been presented, his excellency had, according to Captain Deering, desired to see that distinguished personage, Mr. Figgins, *alias* the orphan.

And now the orphan stood trembling outside the door of the saloon.

"In you go, Mr. Figgins," whispered Captain Deering.

"One moment."

"Nonsense."

"Just a word."

"Bah!" said the captain, with a grin; "you aren't going to have a tooth out. In with you."

He opened the door, gave the timorous orphan a vigorous drive behind, and Mr. Figgins stood in the august presence.

The pasha was seated—it would be irreverent to say squatted, which would better express it—upon a cushion that was, as Paddy says, hanging up on the floor.

His excellency was in that peculiar, not to say painful attitude which less agile mortals find unattainable, but which appears to mean true rest to Turk or tailor.

The pasha rejoiced in a beard of enormous dimensions, a grizzled dirt-colored beard that almost touched the cushion upon which he sat.

A turban of red and gold silk was upon his venerable head.

And beside his excellency upon a cushion were laid his arms, weapons of barbarous make, thought the orphan.

A cimeter, curved *a la* Saladin, two long-barrelled pistols, with jewelled butts, "as though they were earrings or bracelets," the orphan said to himself, a long dagger with an ivory hilt and sheath, and a piece of cord.

"That's to tie them together with," mentally decided the orphan. "One might as well travel with the Woolwich Arsenal or the armory from the Tower. Barbarous old beast."

"Now," said Captain Deering, "tuck in your tuppenny, Mr. Figgins; bow as low as you can."

The orphan put his back into an angle of forty-five with his legs.

"Lower."

"Ugh!"

"A little bit more."

"Lower," said Captain Deering, in an agonized whisper. "We shall all be bowstrung if his excellency thinks us wanting in respect."

The orphan thus admonished made a further effort, and over he went.

Head first!

There was such a chattering, such horrible sounds going on, as Captain Deering scrambled after the unfortunate orphan, that the latter thought his time was come.

The captain dragged him to his feet, however.

Then the presentation was proceeded with.

"His Excellency Ali Kungum Ben Nard-bake," cried a dignitary standing beside the pasha, with a voice like a toastmaster.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the orphan, "all that?"

"That's not half of it," said Captain Deering.

"To the faithful, he is known as well as Sid Ney Ali Ben Lesters quar Nasr ed Bowstrung and Strattford Bustum."

Mr. Figgins was greatly alarmed at this.

"Powerful memories his godfathers and god-mothers must have had," he murmured.

Beside the pasha stood an official, with a beard of extraordinary length.

"Who's that?"

"Hush!" whispered Deering; "don't speak so loud."

"Who is he?" again asked the orphan, sinking his voice.

"The one with the beard?"

"Yes."

"His name is Whiska Said Mahmend Den Rcss Latreille," returned Deering.

"Dear—dear!" murmured the orphan, in despairing accents, "I shall never——"

\* \* \* \* \*



"Ease her, stop her!" cried a familiar voice in Mr. Figgins's ear, "you've got in a knot."

It was Nat Cringle.

All was hushed.

The bearded official looked at the pasha, who nodded.

Then drawing his sword, he signed to two of his men, and Ned Cringle, looking dreadfully frightened, was hustled off behind a curtain, which had been rigged up across the saloon, just at the pasha's back.

"What are they going to do?" asked the orphan, his teeth chattering in alarm.

Captain Deering was so much affected at this stage of the proceedings that he covered his face with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Poor Nat!"

"What is it?" faltered Mr. Figgins, faintly.

"Did you not see the cord taken away with Nat?" demanded the captain, in a funeral bass.

"Ye-es."

"Then, hark."

Mr. Figgins did hark, and an awful sound reached him from behind the curtain.

It was more like the expiring groans of a hapless porker in the hands of a ruthless butcher, than anything else you could compare it to.

A fatal struggle was going on behind the curtain.

Groans and dying wails were heard for awhile.

Awful sounds.

Then all was still.

"Oh, what is it?" murmured the orphan, in distress.

"Squizziz Wizen, the pasha's executioner, has dealt upon poor Nat Cringle."

"What!" gasped Figgins.

"Bowstrung," returned Captain Deering, solemnly.

The orphan turned faint.

Then he turned to the door, and would have fled.

"Oh, let me go home," he cried. "I don't feel happy here."

But Deering stayed him.

"You must not go, Mr. Figgins," whispered Captain Deering.

"Why not?"

"His excellency is about to address us."

The pasha coughed.

"*Quel est votre jeu?*" demanded his excellency.

"What does he say?" asked Figgins.

"Batta pudn," continued his excellency, with a gracious air; "also bono Sonni."

"He says you may present whatever you have brought," whispered the captain.

"I've brought nothing," returned Mr. Figgins.

"Nothing?"

"No; I forgot."

"Thoughtless man," said Captain Deering.

"Take this."

He thrust a parcel of brown paper into his hands.

"What shall I do with it?"

"Place it on the cushion before his excellency."

Mr. Figgins complied.

"Luciousosity," said the pasha, looking upon the offering greedily.

Then he clapped his hands vigorously three times.

The minister appeared, leading two veiled ladies.

The pasha made some remarks in his own language, which Captain Deering was commissioned to render into English.

"His excellency, recognizing your generous offering," said he, "presents you with the choicest gifts of his seraglio, two wives. You must cherish them through life."

The orphan's countenance fell at this.

The capital punishment of poor Nat Cringle was as nothing to this.

"Tell him I'd rather not take two," he whispered to Deering.

"Why not?" ejaculated the latter.

"I wish to live single."

The bearded minister approached, leading the two veiled beauties.

"Oh! oh, dear," groaned the poor orphan.

He placed a gloved hand of each upon Mr. Figgins's shoulders.

Then, upon a given signal, they threw their arms around the orphan and hugged him, while a violent cachinnation was heard.

"What a lovely smile," said Captain Deering.

"Did you hear it?"

"Oh, please don't," cried the orphan.

He struggled to get free.

But the beauties of the seraglio held him tight.

The orphan grew desperate, and jerked himself out of their clutches.

But in the tussel down he flopped on the ground again.

"Infidel dog!" roared the pasha, venting his wrath in English, "barbarian and idolater, thou shalt die!"

Thereupon, Captain Deering dropped down beside the orphan, and sued for mercy.

"Be merciful, oh great prince!" he cried, "have pity on your humblest slave. His heart is filled with gratitude."

The pasha growled some reply that was indistinct, but which, to the startled Figgins, sounded like the rumbling of distant thunder.

"Oh, what shall I do?" moaned the orphan.

"Oh, somebody take me home."

"Silence," whispered Captain Deering. "Prostrate yourself as they do. Bury your face and be silent, until his excellency bids you rise. He may then overlook it."

Mr. Figgins scarce dared to breathe.

There he lay, with his face upon the ground, humbly awaiting the stern despot's permission to move.

He waited long—very long.

While he waited thus, a strange commotion was observed among the pasha's suite.

The chief officer removed his turban and beard, and—wonderful to relate—beneath it was the laughing face of Harry Girdwood.

He winked at his august master, who hurriedly removed his turban and beard as well.

And then the pasha bore a remarkable resemblance to Jack Harkaway the younger.

They helped to drag off each other's robes—for beneath their Turkish garments were their everyday clothes.

The veiled beauties of the harem were disrobed.

Beneath their veils and feminine attire they were familiarly garbed, and a glance revealed them to be Tinker and his body-guard Bogey.

"Now then, Mr. Figgins," said Nat Cringle, "wake up."

The orphan looked up in amazement at the sound.

"Nat Cringle!"

"Halloo!"

Mr. Figgins looked about in wonderment.

Facing him was Jack Harkaway, sitting upon a camp stool, and beside him stood his constant companion, Harry Girdwood.

Engaged in conversation with them was Captain Deering, and the subject of their conversation appeared to be the orphan himself.

The Turkish soldiers and people generally forming the pasha's suite had disappeared, and in their places were several sailors, some of whom appeared to be considerably amused at something.

When Mr. Figgins sat up and looked about him, he muttered:

"What's all this?"

"A very serious case, Harry," said Jack, gravely.

"Very."

"A case for the doctor."

"What do you mean?"

"These habits of drinking grow upon one," said Harry Girdwood, sadly.

"I don't understand," faltered the orphan.

"Shall we help you to bed?" asked one of the sailors, compassionately.

"Never!" cried Mr. Figgins, with majesty.

"Oh, yes, do," said Harry.

But nerved to desperation, the orphan tore himself away from them, and darted to the door.

"I shall go and report upon these outrageous doings to the captain of the ship," he said, drawing himself up.

"Here's the captain himself," said a good-natured voice behind him. "And now, what can he do for you, Mr. Figgins?"

The orphan turned.

There was the captain.

"Mr. Figgins," said the captain, with a serious air, and shaking his forefinger at him, "you have been indulging very early in the day."

"What!"

He could endure no more.

With a cry of disgust, he dashed past the captain, and scrambled up the stairs on deck.

Once there, he shot like a race-horse along the deck, and gaining his own berth, he locked himself in.

But even here he could not shut out the ringing laughter of the incorrigible practical jokers.

Mr. Figgins, as you may guess, was seen no more that day.

Upon the day following the events just related, Jack received letters from home.

And among them was one which created no little excitement among the nearest friends of Jack Harkaway.

"Do you think it probable he'll come?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Harry Girdwood.

"I should like to see his dear old face again," said Jack.

"I'll bet a penny that we shall see him here yet; if not here, at least at our next stage," said Harry.

"It would be a rare treat to talk with some one who had seen our dear folks at home."

"It would indeed. I hope he will come."

And who did they hope would come? Can you not guess, reader? No.

Then read on, and you will learn who it was and what were the reasons which were to bring a friend from home roaming to this distant shore to meet Jack and his friends.

## CHAPTER X.

THE SAPIENT DOCTOR MUGGINS CAME IN HASTE—IMPEDIMENTS IN THE WAY OF THE PRESCRIPTION—DWELLS ON ARTIFICIAL LIMBS—OLD REMINISCENCES—THE TORMENTOR.

READER, we will return for a little time to our old friend, Mole, in England.

Mr. Mole was sad.

For so many years of his life had old Isaac Mole led a wandering career, that he found it exceedingly difficult, not to say irksome, to settle down to the prosy existence which they had all dropped into.

He never complained, it is true.

But he fell into a sort of settled melancholy, which nothing could shake off, and even grew neglectful of the bottle.

His friends grew anxious.

They wished him to take medical advice.

He resisted all persuasion stoutly.

So they had recourse to artifice, and invited an eminent medical man to their house as a visitor.

And then under the guidance of a friendly chat the doctor took his observations.

But the peculiar ailment, if ailment it could be called, of Isaac Mole, completely baffled the man of science at first.

It was only in a casual conversation that being an observing man, he discovered the real truth.

"Our patient wants a roving commission," said the physician to himself.

And then he communicated his own convictions to old Jack.

"I scarcely believe it possible, doctor," said Jack.

But the doctor was positive.

"Nothing will do him any good but to get on the move; I'm as sure of that as I am that he has no physical ailment."

"What's to be done, then?" demanded Harkaway.

"He can't travel alone."

"I don't know that," said the doctor; "he's hale and wiry enough. The only difficulty that I can see, is Mrs. Mole."

"I'll undertake to get over that," said Jack.

"You will?"

"Yes."

"It is settled, then," said the physician, with a smile.

"Good!"

"What would do him more good than all the physic in the world, would be to send him after your son."

"My Jack?"

"Yes."

"Impossible! Why, Jack is en route for Turkey."

"What of that?" coolly inquired the doctor.

"Consider the distance, my dear doctor."

"Pshaw, sir! Distance is nothing nowadays. It was a very different thing when I was a boy. Take my word for it, Mr. Harkaway, our patient will jump at the chance."

"He's very much attached to my roving boy."

"I know it," returned the doctor. "Never a day passes but he speaks of him; I declare that I never had a single interview with Mr. Mole, but that he has managed somehow to turn the conversation upon your son and his pranks."

"Oh, Jack has played him some dreadful tricks."

"Yes," returned the physician, dryly, "and so has Jack's father, by all accounts."

"Ahem!"



"And yet I really believe that he enjoys the recollection of the boy's infamous practical jokes."

"I believe you are right," responded Harkaway.

A day or two later on the doctor was seated with Mr. Mole.

"Mr. Mole."

"Doctor."

"Your health must be looked to. You'll have to travel."

"How, doctor?" said Mole.

"Young Harkaway is in foreign parts, and his prolonged absence causes his parents considerable uneasiness, and you must go and look after him."

Mole's eyes twinkled.

"Do you mean it?"

"I do. When would you like to start?"

"To-day."

"Very good. The sooner the better," said the doctor.

Mr. Mole's countenance fell suddenly.

An ugly thought crossed him.

What would Mrs. Mole say?

"There is one matter I would like to consult you on, doctor."

"What might that be?" demanded the doctor.

"My wife might have a word to say upon the subject."

"I will undertake to remove her scruples," said the doctor.

"You will?"

"Yes. She will never object when she knows how important your mission is."

"Doctor," exclaimed Mr. Mole, joyously, "you are a trump."

A delay naturally occurred, however.

Mr. Mole could not travel with his wooden stumps, his friends one and all agreed.

No.

He must have a pair of cork legs made.

The doctor who had been attending our old friend knew of a maker of artificial limbs who was a wonderful man, according to all accounts.

"Yes," said Mole, "cork legs well hosed will—"

At this moment a voice tuning up under the window cut him short.

"He gave his own leg to the undertaker,  
And sent for a skilful cork-leg maker."

Ritoolaral looral."

"That's Dick Harvey. Infamous!" ejaculated Mr. Mole.

"On a brace of broomsticks never I'll walk,  
But I'll have symmetrical limbs of cork."

Ritoolaral looral."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed Mr. Mole; "close the window, sir, if you please."

It was all very well to say: "Close it," but this was easier said than done.

Dick Harvey had fixed it beyond the skill of that skilful mechanic to unfasten.

The aggravating minstrel continued without—

"Than timber this cork is better by half,  
Examine likewise my elegant calf."

Ritoolaral looral—"

"I will have that window closed," cried Mole.

He arose, forgetting in his haste that he was minus one leg, and down he rolled.

The artificial limb-maker lunged after him, and succeeded with infinite difficulty in getting him on to his feet again.

"Dear—dear!" said Mr. Mole. "No matter, I can manage it."

He picked up the nearest object to hand, and hurled it out of the window.

## CHAPTER XI.

### HOW THE ORPHAN BECAME POSSESSED OF A FLUTE.

BUT we must leave Mole for a time, and return to our friends on their travels.

When next they landed at a Turkish town, Mr. Figgins went to a different hotel to that patronized by young Jack, whose practical joking was rather too much for the orphan. But they found him out, and paid him a visit one morning.

After the first greeting, Mr. Figgins was observed to be unusually thoughtful.

At length, after a long silence, he exclaimed:

"I can't account for it, I really can't."

"What can't you account for, Mr. Figgins?" asked young Jack.

"The strange manners of the people of this country," answered the orphan.

"Of what is it you have to complain particularly?" inquired Jack.

"Well, it's this; wherever I go, I seem to be quite an object of curiosity."

"Of interest you mean, Mr. Figgins," returned Jack, winking at Harry Girdwood; "you are an Englishman, you know, and Englishmen are always interesting to foreigners."

"I can't say as to that," the orphan replied; "I only know I can't show my nose out of doors without being pointed at."

"Ah, yes. You excite interest the moment you make your appearance."

"Then, if I walk in the streets, dark, swarthy men stare at me and follow me till I have quite a crowd at my heels."

"Another proof of the interest they take in you."

"Well, I don't like it at all," said the orphan, fretfully; "and then the dogs bark at me in a very distressing manner."

"It's the only way they have of bidding you welcome," remarked Harry Girdwood.

"I wish they wouldn't take any notice of me at all; it's a nuisance."

"Perhaps you'd like them to leave off barking and take to biting?"

"No, it's just what I shouldn't like, but it's what I'm constantly afraid they will do," wailed the poor orphan.

There was a slight pause, during which young Jack and his comrade grinned quietly at each other, and presently the former said:

"I think I can account for all this."

"Can you?" asked Mr. Figgins. "How?"

"It all lies in the dress you wear."

"In the dress?"

"Yes; you are in a Turkish country, and although I admit you look well in your splendid new tourist suit, cross-barred all over in four colors, I fancy it would be better if you dressed as a Turk during your stay here."

"A Turk, Jack?"

"Yes; now, if you were to have your head shaved, and dress yourself like a Turk," said Jack, "all this wonderment would cease, and you would go out and come in without exciting any remark."

Mr. Figgins fell back in his chair.

"Ha-ha—have my head sha-a-ved, dress myself up li-like a Turk?" he gasped. "You surely don't mean that?"

"I do indeed," replied Jack, seriously.

"What? Wear baggy breeches, and an enormous turban, and slippers turned up at the toes?"

"Why, I say you were a very sensible individual," remarked Harry. "Don't you remember the old saying: 'When you're in Turkey, you must do as Turkey does.'"

Mr. Figgins reflected for a moment.

"And you really think if I were to go in for a regular Turkish fit-out, I should be allowed to enjoy my walks in peace?" he asked, at length.

"Decidedly," answered his counselors, with the utmost gravity.

"Then I'll take your advice, and be a Turk until further notice," said the orphan; "but there's one thing still."

"What's that?"

"My complexion isn't near dark enough for one of these infidels."

"Oh, that won't matter," said Jack; "only slip into the Turkish togs. Go in for any quantity of turban, and they won't care a button about your complexion."

"Very well, then, that's settled; I'll turn Turk at once. But must I have my head shaved?"

"That's important," said Jack.

Having made up his mind on that point, the orphan at once put on his hat, and taking a sip of brandy to compose his nerves, he sallied forth, directing his steps to the nearest barber's.

On his way thither he attracted the usual amount of attention; and when he reached the barber's shop, he found himself accompanied by a select crowd of deriding Turks, and a dozen or so of yelping curs, shouting and barking in concert.

The barber received him with the extreme of eastern courtesy.

"What does the English signor require at the hands of the humblest of his slaves?" was the deferential inquiry.

"I have a fancy to turn Turk, and I want my head shaved," explained Mr. Figgins, nervously; "pray be careful, since I'm only a poor orphan, who—"

Before he had time to finish his sentence, he found himself wedged into a chair with a towel under his chin.

The next moment his head, under the energetic manipulation of the operator, was a creamy mass of lather.

"Be sure and don't cut my head off," mur-

mured the orphan, as he watched the razor flashing to and fro along the strop.

"Your servant will not disturb the minutest primple," said the barber.

With wonderful celerity, the artist went to work.

In less than two minutes the cranium of Mark Antony Figgins was as smooth and destitute of hair as a bladder of lard.

Then followed the process of shampooing, which was very soothing to the orphan's feelings.

At length, the operation being completed, the barber bade the orphan put on his hat—which from the loss of his hair went over his eyes and rested on his nose—and left the shop.

His friends—the mob and the dogs—had waited for him outside very patiently.

If his appearance had been interesting before, their interest was now greatly increased.

A loud shout welcomed him, and he proceeded along the street under difficulties, holding his hat in one hand, with the crowd at his heels.

Straight to the bazaar he went.

Here he found a venerable old Turkish Jew, who seemed to divine by instinct what he wanted.

"Closhe, shignor, closhe," he cried, in broken English. "Shtep in and take your choice."

Before the bewildered orphan knew where he was, he found himself in the interior of Ibrahim's emporium.

Here a profusion of garments were displayed before his eyes.

Having no preference for any particular color, he took what the Jew pressed upon him.

In a short time his costume was complete, consisting of a pair of ample white trousers, and a blue shirt, surmounted by a crimson vest, secured at the waist by a purple sash, and on his feet a pair of yellow slippers of Morocco leather.

The turban alone was wanting.

"Be sure and let me have a good big turban," urged Mr. Figgins.

Ibrahim assured him that he should have one as big as he could carry, and he kept his word.

Unrolling a great many yards of stuff, he formed a turban of enormous dimensions of green and yellow stripe, which he placed upon the head of his customer.

"Shall I do? Do I look like a native Turk?" asked the latter, after he had put on his things.

"Do!" echoed the Jew, exultingly. "If it ish true dat de closhe makes de man, you vill do excellent vell, and de people vill not now run after you."

Mr. Figgins having settled his account with the Hebrew clothier, and paid just three times as much as he ought to have done, went out again with considerable confidence, looking as gaudy in his mixture of bright colors as a macaw.

"No one will dare to jeer me now," he persuaded himself.

But he was mistaken.

Hardly had he taken a half a dozen steps when his brilliant costume attracted great notice.

"What a splendid Turk!" cried some.

"Who is that magnificent bashaw?" asked others, as he strutted past.

No one knew, and upon a nearer examination it was seen that the "splendid Turk" and "magnificent bashaw" was no Turk at all.

Indignation seized upon those who had a moment before been filled with admiration.

"Impostor, unbelieving dog!" shouted the enraged populace. "He is an accursed Giaour, in the dress of a follower of the prophet."

At this, a fierce yell rose upon the air.

"Down with the wretch!"

"Tear him to pieces!"

"Let him be impaled!" cried the multitude.

With these dire threats, the angry crowd rushed towards Mr. Figgins, headed by a short, fat Turk, who was particularly indignant.

The luckless orphan, anxious to avoid the terrible doom that was threatening him, rushed away in an opposite direction.

The Turks are not, as a rule, remarkable for swift running.

Mr. Figgins, whose pace was quickened by the dreadful prospect of a stake through his body, would have easily distanced them.

But unfortunately, his green and yellow-striped turban, dislodged from its position, fell—as his hat had previously done—over his eyes, and almost smothered him.

He tugged away at it as he ran, in order to get rid of it.

But all he succeeded in doing was to loosen one of the ends.

Gradually the turban began to unwind itself, the end trailing on the ground.

The Turk in pursuit caught up this end, and



grasping it firmly, brought all his weight to bear upon the fugitive.

Suddenly the hapless Figgins began to feel strong symptoms of strangulation.

The next moment, a sharp jerk from the burly Turk pulled him to the ground.

But this saved him.

No sooner was he prostrate on his back than the turban slipped from his head, and he was free.

Springing to his feet, he darted off at a speed which no human grocer could ever have dreamed of.

He was soon far beyond pursuit.

All he had lost was his green and yellow-striped turban.

But the loss of that, though it somewhat fretted him, had saved his life.

He found himself in a retired spot, and no one being near, he sat down to reflect and recover his breath.

"What a country this is," he thought; "pleasant enough, though, as far as the climate goes; but the people in it are awful! What a lot of bloodthirsty, bilious-looking wretches, to be sure; ready to consign to torment and death a poor innocent, unprotected orphan because he happens to be of a different color from themselves!"

So perturbed were the thoughts of Mr. Figgins that he was obliged to smoke a segar to soothe himself.

But even this failed to quiet his agitated nerves.

His mind was full of gloomy apprehensions.

"Where am I?" he asked himself. "How am I to get home? I shall be sure to meet some of the rabble, and with them and the dogs I shall be torn to pieces. What will become of me—wretched orphan that I am! What shall I do?"

Hardly had he uttered these distressful exclamations when a prolonged note of melody caught his ear.

"Hark!" he said to himself, "there is music. 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast,' says the poet, and it seems to have a soothing effect upon my nerves."

The strain had died away, and was heard no longer.

Mark Antony Figgins was in despair.

"Play again, sweet instrument," he cried, anxiously, "play again."

Again the sweet note sounded and again the solitary orphan felt comforted.

"It's a flute; it must be a flute," he murmured to himself, as he listened. "I always liked the flute. It's so soft and melancholy."

The grocer had a faint recollection of his boyhood's days, when he had been a tolerably efficient performer on a penny whistle.

Just at this moment the mournful note he heard recalled the past vividly.

So vividly, that Mr. Figgins, in the depths of his loneliness, fixed his eyes sadly on the turned-up toes of his leather slippers, and wept.

As the melody proceeded, so did the drops pour more copiously from the orphan's eyes.

And no wonder, for of all the doleful too-toos ever uttered by wind instrument, this was the dolefullest.

But it suited Mr. Figgins' mood at that moment.

"It's a Turkish flute, I suppose," he sobbed; "but it's very beau-u-tiful. I wish I had a flute."

He got up and looked around, and found himself outside an enclosure of thick trees.

It was evidently within this enclosure the flute player was located.

As the reader knows, there was nothing bold or daring about Mark Antony Figgins.

But now the flute seemed to have inspired him with a kind of supernatural recklessness.

"I'd give almost anything for that flute," he murmured to himself. "I feel that I should like to play the flute. I wonder who it is playing it, and whether he'd sell it?"

The unseen performer, at this juncture, burst forth into such a powerfully shrill cadence that the orphan was quite thrilled with delight.

"A railway whistle's a fool to it!" he cried, as he clapped his hands in ecstasy. "Bravo—bravo! Encore!"

Having shouted his applause till he was hoarse, he walked along by the side of the wall, anxiously for some place of entrance.

At length he came to an open gate.

A stout gentleman—unnistakably a Turk—with a crimson cap on his head, ornamented with a tassel, and a long, red like instrument in his hand, was looking curiously forth.

It was evidently the musician, who, having been interrupted in his solo, had come to see

who the delinquent was that had disturbed him.

The enthusiastic Figgins had caught sight of the flute, and that was sufficient.

Forgetting his usual nervous timidity, he rushed forward.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "it was exquisite—delicious! Pray oblige me with another tune—or, if you have no objection, let me attempt one."

As he spoke, the excited Figgins stretched forth both his hands.

The owner of the flute, who evidently suspected an attempt at robbery, quietly placed his instrument behind him, and looking hard at Figgins, said sternly:

"What son of a dog art thou?"

To which Figgins replied mildly:

"You're mistaken, my dear sir; I'm the son of my father and mother, but they—alas—are no more, and I am now only a poor desolate orphan."

The tears trickled from his eyes as he spoke.

The Turk did not appear in the least affected.

"What bosh is all this?" he asked, after a moment, in a hard, unsympathetic tone.

"It's no bosh at all, I assure you, my dear signor," replied Figgins, earnestly; "the fact is I heard you play on your flute, and its sweet tones so soothed my spirits—which are at this moment extremely low—that I am come to make several requests."

"Umph!" growled the Turk; "what are they?"

"First, that you will play me another of your charming airs, next, that you will allow me to attempt one myself, and thirdly, that you will sell me the instrument you hold in your hand?"

The Turk glared for a moment fiercely at the proposer of these modest requests, and then politely wishing the graves of his departed relatives might be perpetually defiled, he replied curtly:

"First, I am not going to play any more to-night; next, I will see you in Jehanum before I allow you to play; and thirdly, I won't sell my flute."

With these words, he stepped back into the garden and slammed the gate in Mr. Figgins' face.

"I shall never get over this," Figgins murmured to himself, gloomily; "that flute would have cheered my solitary hours, and that ruthless Turk refuses to part with it. Now, indeed, I feel my peace of mind is gone forever."

His grief at this juncture became so overpowering, that he leant against the door, and in his despair hammered it with his head.

Suddenly the door burst open, and the distressed orphan, in all his brilliant array, shot backwards into some shrubs of a prickly nature, whose sharp thorns added to his agonizing sensations.

"Will anybody be kind enough to put an end to my misery?" he wailed, as he lay on his back, feeling as though he had been transformed into a human pincushion.

He was not a little surprised to hear a familiar voice exclaim:

"Lor' bless me! dat you, Massa Figgins!"

Glancing up, he espied the black face of Bogey looking down upon him.

"Yes, it's me," he answered, in a wailing tone; "help me up."

"Gib me you fist," cried Bogey.

Mr. Figgins extended his hand, and the negro grasping it, by a vigorous jerk hoisted the prostrate grocer out of his thorny bed, tingling all over as though he had been stung by nettles.

Bogey was quite astounded at the transformation in his dress.

"Why, Massa Figgins, what out-and-out guy you look!" he exclaimed; "whar all you hair gone to?"

The orphan only groaned.

He was thinking of another hair (without the h), the air he had heard on the Turkish flute.

Just at that moment the too-too-too of the instrument sounded again.

Figgins stood like one absorbed.

All his agonizing pains were at once forgotten.

"How sweet, how plaintive!" he murmured to himself; "too-too-too, tooty-tooty-too!" he hummed in imitation of the sound.

Bogey heard it also, and involuntarily put his hands on his stomach, and made a comically wry face.

"Whar dat orful squeakin' row," he asked.

"Hush—hush!" exclaimed the orphan, holding up his hands reprovingly, and turning up his eyes at the same time; "it's heavenly music; it's a flute, my boyhood's favorite instrument!"

"Gorra!" muttered Bogey; "it had to gib a

fellar de mullingrubs all down him back and up him belly."

He looked towards Mr. Figgins, and seeing him standing with his hands clasped, looking like a white-washed Turk in a trance, he said to him:

"What de matter wid yer, Massa Figgins? Am you ill?"

"That flute, that melodious flute, that breathes forth dulcet notes of peace," murmured the orphan, in a deep, absorbed whisper. "I must have that flute."

Bogey felt a little anxious.

"Me tink Massa Fig getting lilly soft in him nut; him losing him hair turn him mad," he said to himself.

"I must have that flute," repeated the grocer, in the same abstracted tone and manner. "I should think it cheap at ten pounds."

Bogey, on hearing this, opened his eyes very wide.

He thought he saw a chance of doing a profitable bit of business on his own account.

So, after an instant, he said, quietly:

"Good flute worth more dan ten pound; rale good blower like dat worth twenty at de bery best."

"Yes—yes; I'd give twenty willingly," murmured the wrapt Figgins.

"Bery good," said Bogey, as he instantly disappeared through the gate.

The orphan remained waiting without.

The "too-too-tooing" was going on in the usual doleful and melancholy manner, and guided by the sound, Bogey crept forward till he came in sight of the performer, who was seated in a snug nook in his garden, playing away to his heart's content; or, as the negro supposed, endeavoring to frighten away the birds.

Bogey took stock of the stout player and his flute.

Creeping along in the shrubbery till he had got exactly opposite to the flutist, he, in the midst of the "too-too-tooing," uttered an unearthly groan.

"Inshallah!" exclaimed the Turk, stopping suddenly; "what was that?"

"It war me," groaned the hidden Bogey, more deeply than before.

"Who are you?" faltered the musician, hearing the mysterious voice, but seeing no one.

"Me am special messenger from de Prophet," Bogey replied.

"Allah Kerim! my dream is coming true. Is it the Prophet speaks?" gasped the Turk, his olive cheeks turning the hue of saffron.

"Iss, it de profit bring me here," returned Bogey, truthfully.

"What message does he send to his slave?" asked the old Turk.

"He say you make sich orful row wid dat flute he can git no sleep, an', derefore, he send me to stop it. You got to gib up de flute direkly."

The teeth of the half-silly musician were chattering in his head.

His optics rolled wildly from side to side.

Just at this crisis, Bogey, with his eyes glaring and his white teeth fully exposed, thrust his black face from the foliage.

"Drop it!" he cried, with a hideous grin.

He had no occasion to repeat the command.

With a yell of terror the horrified Turkish gentleman, who was really half an idiot, and was just then away from his keepers, let fall his instrument from his trembling fingers, and starting up, waddled away from the spot as though the furies were after him, while the special messenger of the Prophet quietly picked up the flute with a chuckle, and retraced his steps to the gate.

Here he found Mr. Figgins.

He scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the grocer with the precious instrument in his hand.

"The flute—the flute!" he cried, "the son of a dog, the orphan's confederate! Let me carry you my share. Oh, it brings back my boyhood's days!"

As he spoke, he rushed forward eagerly, to seize the treasure.

But Bogey stuck to it.

"Me hav fist, Massa Figgins," he said, with a grin, "twenty pound an' de price, you know, an' dis a fuss-rate blower. Too-too-too, tooty-tum-too," he sounded on the instrument.

The orphan was frantic.

"I haven't twenty pounds with me," he exclaimed, excitedly, "but I'll pay you the moment we get home, and five pounds over for interest. You know I'm well off, and am also a man of my word."

Bogey did know this, and was not afraid to trust him.



"Well, den, dere de flute," he said; "but don't begin too-too-too in till we git good way off, else p'raps de gem'l'm wid de red cap hear and send a dog arter de speshal messenger of de Prophet."

Mr. Figgins pledged himself not to blow a note till they were a mile from the spot at least, and on the strength of this promise, Bogey gave him up the instrument.

But no sooner did the excited orphan find it in his possession than he forgot all his promises, and putting the flute to his lips, he at once commenced: "The Girl I Left Behind Me," in the most brilliant manner—so brilliant indeed that it reached the ears of the owner inside, and, as Bogey had shrewdly suspected would be the case, the latter began to have some slight suspicions that he had been done out of his flute by an impostor.

Very soon his voice was heard calling his dogs and almost immediately loud barkings were heard.

"Run—run, Massa Figgins, or de dogs tear yah to pieces," shouted Bogey.

"They may tear me limb from limb," returned the orphan, "but they sha'n't rob me of my flute."

And without taking the instrument from his lips, off he ran, playing: "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," as he hurried along.

The next moment out rushed several gaunt-looking animals and gave chase to the musical Figgins, urged on by their mad master, who was following them.

Bogey waited for him at the gate.

As he came forth puffing, grunting, and blowing, the negro put out his foot, and over he went on his nose.

"Go back, massa bag breeches," cried Bogey, fiercely.

He added to the effect of his words by applying a switch he carried to the fat hind-quarters of the Turk, who was glad to scramble in at his gate on all fours, and shut it to keep out the "special messenger" and his cane.

When Bogey came up with Mr. Figgins, he found that usually timid personage with his back against a tree, doing battle with his canine foes, who were making sad havoc with his Moslem garments.

"Bravo, Massa Figgins," cried Bogey, as he rushed in among the yelping pack, "we soon get rid of dese beah."

With this he laid about him with such energy that the Turkish dogs, utterly bewildered, dropped their ears, and tucking their tails between their legs, slunk howling away, while the triumphant orphan accompanied their flight with a lively tune on his flute.

Accompanied by Bogey, Mark Antony reached his quarters in safety.

He then promptly paid the price of his instrument, and at once set himself steadily to practice, to the great horror of all in the house.

A week passed. Then the following conversation took place between young Jack Harkaway and his comrade Harry Girdwood.

"I say, old fellow, are you fond of music?"

"Well, it all depends what sort of music it is," Jack replied.

"What do you think of Figgins' instrumental performance?"

"Well, I think it's an awful row."

"So do I; but he doesn't seem to think so."

"No, he's always at it all day long and half through the night; he'll blow himself inside his flute if he goes on at this rate. I consider it comes under the head of a nuisance."

"Must be done," said Jack, "and, like other nuisances, must be put a stop to."

"All right; let's send for him at once."

Bogey was summoned and dispatched with a polite message from young Jack, that he would be glad to speak to him.

On receiving the message, he repaired at once to the room where Jack and Harry Girdwood were seated, preparing another practical joke for the benefit of the orphan.

Mr. Figgins took his flute with him, and tooled all the way till he reached the door of Jack's room.

For Jack and Harry, it should be mentioned, had followed the orphan to his new abode, and secured rooms in the same house.

He knocked.

"Just now, Mr. Figgins," said Jack.

Mr. Figgins sat down, holding his flute.

"I have sent for you," Jack continued.

"Ah, I see you want for a tune," cried the orphan, with a mischievous grin, as he put the flute to his lips and began to play.

"On the contrary," cried Jack, quickly; "it's just what we don't wish for; we should be glad if you'd come to a stop."

Mr. Figgins opened his eyes with astonishment.

"Come to a stop," he echoed; "is it possible that you wish to stop my flute? Why, I thought you liked music."

"So I do," Jack replied, dryly, "when it is music."

"And isn't my flute music? Are not its tones soft and sweet and soothing to the spirits?"

"We have found them quite the reverse," Jack assured him; "in fact, if you don't put away your flute, you'll drive us both mad, and then I wouldn't like to answer for the consequences—which might be awful."

Mr. Figgins looked aghast.

"The idea of such exquisite music as my instrument discourses driving anyone mad," he exclaimed at length, "is past belief."

"You may call it exquisite music, but we call it an awful row," Jack replied, candidly, "therefore have the goodness to shut up."

The orphan drew himself up, and clutched his flute in a kind of convulsive indignation.

"I object to shutting up, Mr. Harkaway," he exclaimed, determinately; "in fact, I will not shut up. In this dulcet instrument I have found a balm for all my woes, and I intend to play it incessantly for the rest of my existence."

"You'll blow yourself into a consumption," said Harry Girdwood.

"Well, if I do, I'm only a poor orphan whom no one will regret," said Mr. Figgins, a tear trickling down his nose at the thought of his lonely condition; "I shall die breathing forth some mournful melody, and my flute will—"

"You can leave that to us as a legacy, and we'll put it under a glass case," said Harry.

"No, my flute shall be buried with me in the silent grave."

"We don't care what you do with it after you're dead," returned Jack, "but we object to being annoyed with it while you're alive."

"Oh, you sha'n't be exposed to any further annoyance on my account," said the orphan, rising grandly; "I and my flute will take our departure together."

With these words, he left the room, and very shortly afterwards quitted the house.

Mr. Figgins being determined to keep apart from the Harkaways, gave up the rooms he had taken, and after some search found another lodging in the upper chamber of a house in a retired part of the town.

Here he determined to settle down, and devote himself with more ardor than ever to the practice of his favorite instrument.

It was night.

Mr. Figgins was in bed, but he could get no sleep.

Curious insects, common to Eastern climes, crawled forth from chinks in the walls and cracks in the floor, and nibbled the orphan in various parts of his anatomy till he felt as if the surface of his skin was one large blister.

"What a dreadful climate this is," he murmured, as he sat up in bed; "nothing but creeping things everywhere. Phew! what's to be done?"

He reflected a moment.

"I have it!" he exclaimed; "my flute, my precious flute, that will soothe me."

Hopping nimbly out of bed, he dressed himself in his European costume, seized his instrument, and began a tune.

He had been playing all day long, and the other lodgers in the house were congratulating themselves on the cessation of the infliction, when suddenly the instrumental torture commenced again.

"Too-too, too-tum-too, tooty-tum, tooty-tum, too-tum-too," went the flute, in a more shrill and vigorous manner than ever, while a select party of dogs, attracted by the melody, assembled under the window, and howled in concert.

In the chamber next to that occupied by the infatuated Figgins, lodged a Turk, Bosja by name.

Bosja, in the first place, had no taste for music, and particularly detested the sound of a flute.

Secondly, he was suffering from an excruciating toothache, and the incessant too-tum, too-tum, tooty-tum-too—with the additional music of the dogs—drove him mad.

He was sitting up with his pipe in his mouth, and a green, yellow-striped turban pulled down over his ears, trying to shut out the sound, but in vain.

"Oh—oh! Allah be merciful to me!" he groaned, as the irritated nerve gave him an extra twinge.

"Too-too, too-tum-too, too-tum, too-tum, tooty-tum-too," from the orphan's flute answered him.

"Allah confound the wretch, with his tooty-tum-too!" growled the distracted sufferer; "if he only knew what I am enduring."

But this Mr. Figgins did not know.

Probably he would not have cared if he had known, and he continued to pour forth melodious squeakings to his own entire satisfaction.

At length the patience of Bosja was utterly exhausted, and he summoned the landlady.

"What son of Shitan have you got in the next room?" he demanded of her, fiercely.

"I know very little of him," returned the mistress of the house, "only that he is a Frankish gentleman, who dresses sometimes as a Turk, and has lately come to lodge here."

"He is a dog, and the son of a dog! May his flute choke him, and his father's grave be defiled!" growled the irascible Turk; "tell him to leave off, or I will kill him and burn his flute."

The landlady went at once and tapped at the door of the musical lodger.

There was no response save the too-too-too of the flute.

"Signor!" she called, after a moment.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Figgins from within; "do you wish me to come and play a tune?" and he then continued "too-too, tooty-too."

"The gentleman in the next room objects to the sound of your flute."

"Does he?—tooty-too, tooty-too."

"Yes; and he begs you'll leave off."

"I sha'n't!—tooty-tum, tooty-tum, tooty-too. I intend to play all night."

The landlady, having delivered her message, went down stairs.

Mr. Figgins still continued to blow away, and the agonized Bosja to mutter curses not loud, but deep, upon his head and his instrument.

But patience has its limits, and Bosja, never remarkable for that virtue, having sworn all the oaths he knew twice over, at last sprang from his bed, and dashing down his pipe, rapped fiercely at the wall.

"What do you want? Shall I come and play a few tunes to you?" inquired the orphan, placidly pausing for an instant.

"You vile son of perdition, stop that accursed noise!" shouted the Turk.

"Too-too, tooty-too."

"Do you hear, unbelieving dog?"

"Tooty-too—yes, I hear—tooty-tooty-tooty-too."

"Then why don't you stop?"

"Because I intend to go on—tootum-too—all night."

"But you're driving me to distraction."

"Nonsense! go to bed and sleep—tooty-tum—tooty-tum—tooty-too. You will like the beautiful flute in time."

"But I can't sleep with that infernal tooty-too in my ears, and I've got the toothache."

"Have it out. You'll feel better."

This cool irony on the part of Mr. Figgins was like oil poured upon the fierce temper of the irascible Bosja, and he shouted loudly:

"If I hear any more of that damned tooty-too, I swear by Allah I'll take your life, and give your body to the crows and vultures!"

"Ha—ha!" laughed the reckless Figgins. "Tooty-tum—tooty-tum—tooty-tum—"

But before he could finish his musical phrase, the maddened Bosja had seized his dagger, and rushed like a bull at the partition.

The partition was thin, the Turk was hairy and thick, and he plunged through head first into the orphan's apartment, to the no little surprise and dismay of the latter.

It was quite a picture.

Bosja waved his weapon over his head, and Mark Antony Figgins hopped upon the bed, and wrapped himself tightly around in the clothes, clutching his flute to his side.

For a moment the pair stood glaring at each other.

"Your flute, vile dog, or your life!" shouted the Turk.

"I object to part with either," cried the orphan. "Go and have your teeth out, and be happy."

Down came the dagger with a swish in the direction of his head.



But the grocer had quickly withdrawn it beneath the clothes.

Not to be thwarted, however, in his vengeance, the burly Bosja swooped down upon the heap, and dragged them up in his grasp, the orphan included.

"Now I have you," he cried, as he seized the obnoxious flute.

"Give me my instrument, infidel," shrieked the orphan, as he threw off the blankets, and clung to the flute with desperation.

At the same moment, he recognized the green and yellow-striped turban on the head of the Turk.

It was Bosja into whose hands it had fallen, when Mr. Figgins was escaping from the mob.

"That is my turban," he cried, as with one hand he dragged it from his enemy's head, with dauntless vehemence, and bringing his flute down with a smart crack on the Turk's bald pate.

The Turk, who was much more of a bully than a hero, was quite confounded at the excited energy which the Frankish lodger displayed.

Dropping his cimeter, he then had a struggle for the flute.

Round the room they went, pulling and hauling.

At length, lurching against the door, it burst open.

The combatants now found themselves on the landing.

Here the struggle continued, till, at length, giving a desperate tug, the flute came in half, and Bosja fell backwards, head over heels down the stairs, with the upper joint of the instrument in his hand.

The landlady, who thought the house was falling, came hurrying to see what had happened, and found the Turk lying in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, with the breath almost knocked out of his body.

It took some time to bring him to himself.

It was just as he was recovering there was a loud knocking at the street door.

On opening it, a body of Turkish soldiers appeared drawn up in front of it.

"What is the cause of this disturbance?" inquired the leader of the troop.

Bosja quickly gave his own version of what had happened.

Of course, it was highly exaggerated.

He, a true believer, had been assaulted, robbed of his turban, and thrown down stairs by a rascally dog of a giaour, who lodged in the room next to him.

This was quite sufficient to arouse the indignation of the officer, and with three of his troop, that functionary ascended to seize the delinquent.

But, on reaching the room, it was discovered to be empty.

"The Frankish hound laughs at our beards," said the officer. "He has escaped by the window."

And such had been the intention of Mark Antony Figgins.

But not being accustomed to such perilous descents, he had found himself baffled in his flight, and was now perched on a ledge, half way between the window and the ground, unable to proceed or return.

He was soon espied by the soldiers, and a shout announced his detection.

A ladder was quickly procured, and the luckless orphan very shortly found himself a prisoner.

"What dirt have you been eating?" demanded the officer, sternly.

"I haven't been eating dirt at all," returned the indignant Figgins, "but I believe that fat Turk has swallowed half of my flute."

Bosja came forward at this with the missing portion in his hand, and handed it to the officer.

The officer made a snatch at it, but received only a box on the ear from the officer.

The other half of his cherished instrument was wrested from him, and he marched off to the lock-up until the case could be tried on the morrow before the bashaw.

## CHAPTER XII.

### NOW THE FLUTE ADVENTURE TERMINATED.

THE morrow had come.

Hearing that a Frank was to be tried, the court was crowded.

At the appointed hour, Mark Antony Figgins, looking particularly doleful, was conducted from his cell to the presence of the administrator of the law.

Osman, the ruling bashaw, although a Turk, was a regular Tartar to deal with.

He administered plenty of the law, but very little justice; if the latter was required, money was the bashaw's idol, and it must be handsomely paid for.

As soon as the parties were brought in, the judicial potentate eyed them sternly for some time.

Then he said:

"Which is the plaintiff?"

"I am!" exclaimed Bosja.

"No, I am!" exclaimed Mr. Figgins.

"What bosh is this?" cried the bashaw; "you can't both be plaintiffs."

"Most high and mighty, he robbed me of my turban and knocked me down stairs," affirmed Bosja.

"No, your worship; he robbed me of my turban and stole half my flute," protested the orphan.

The official dignity frowned and shut his eyes reflectively.

He foresaw that he had a case of unusual intricacy before him, and he was thinking how he should deal with it.

After a moment he opened his eyes, rubbed his nose profoundly, and sneezed.

All the officials imitated their superior by rubbing their noses and sneezing in concert.

The uproar was tremendous.

Order being at length restored, the bashaw fixed his eyes upon Bosja, and said to him:

"Let me hear what you have to say."

"It is this: Your slave last night was troubled with the toothache, and retired to his couch. The pain kept me awake, and just as I was going to sleep——"

"Stop!" cried the bashaw; "you say that the pain kept you awake, and then you say you were going to sleep. You couldn't be awake and asleep at the same time."

A hum of applause ran around the court at this sagacious remark.

"He speaks the words of wisdom," murmured some.

"What a lawyer he is," whispered others.

"I had been awake for some hours," explained Bosja, "when the pain lulled a little, and I began to doze."

"Well, you began to doze, and then?"

"Then I was disturbed by a dreadful squeaking noise in the next room."

"A rat?"

"No, your highness; a flute."

"That was my flute, your worship," cried the indignant orphan, "whose dulcet tone he calls a dreadful sque——"

"Silence, dog!" shouted the bashaw.

"Silence!" shouted every one else.

"Continue," said the judge to Bosja.

"I endured the dreadful sound as long as I could, until the anguish of my tooth became so great I could bear it no longer, and I sent a civil messenger to the Frank yonder to cease."

"And he complied with your request?"

"Not he, your mightiness. He played all the louder, and the dreadful noise he made nearly killed me."

"I was in my own room, your worship," interposed Mr. Figgins, "and had a right to play as loud as I liked."

The bashaw here referred to his vizier.

"What says the law?" he asked, in a low tone. "Does it permit a man to do what he likes in his own room?"

The vizier scratched his nose and reflected.

All the officials scratched their noses and reflected.

After a moment the vizier replied:

"It all depends, most wise and illustrious. If the owner of the room be a true believer, he may turn it upside down, if he please, not else."

"Good; and this flute player is an infidel—a dog."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm a retired grocer," put in Figgins, who overheard the remark.

"Silence," growled the bashaw; "go on, plaintiff."

"Well, your highness," continued Bosja, "I continued to get worse and worse under this dreadful 'too-tooting,' until at last, driven to desperation, I sprang from my bed, and hammered at the wall, imploring him to be quiet."

"And he still refused?"

"He did, your mightiness."

"And you?"

"I was imploring Allah to soften his unmerciful heart, when suddenly he burst through the partition, which was thin——"

"No—no—no, your worship," interrupted Mr.

Figgins, vehemently, "it was he who burst through, not me."

"Silence!" cried the bashaw; "dare not to interrupt the words of truth."

"But they're not words of truth, your worship; they're abominable—false."

"Silence, dog!" shouted the potentate, crimson with anger.

"Silence, dog!" echoed the rest of the judicial body.

"Continue, plaintiff."

"Well, your highness," went on Bosja, "he then seized me violently, tore my turban from my head, and endeavored to thrust his diabolical 'too-tooting' instrument down my throat."

"To which you objected?"

"Strongly, your highness. I seized the flute in self-defense, and it came in half in my hand, and he then dragged me from the room, and with gigantic strength, hurled me backwards down the stairs."

"Allah Kerim, it was a mercy your back was not broken," exclaimed the bashaw.

"I feel sore all over, your highness," said Bosja, ruefully, "and fear I am seriously injured."

"And the culprit was endeavoring to escape, was he not?" asked the judge.

"He was, your mightiness, when my soldiers discovered him clinging to the wall," replied the officer of the soldiers.

"Wallah thaib, it is well said."

The bashaw conferred again with his vizier for a moment, and then turning towards the luckless Figgins, who found himself changed from the plaintiff into the defendant, he said to him sternly:

"And now, unbelieving dog, what have you to say?"

"Only this," the orphan replied, without hesitation; "that that witness has uttered a tissue of abominable lies."

"I have spoken naught but the truth," exclaimed the unblushing Bosja, solemnly. "Bashem ustun, upon my head be it."

"Well, let us hear what account you have to give," said the bashaw, to the defendant.

"My account is very simple," said Figgins. "I was playing my flute, when that Turk insisted on my stopping. I considered I had a right to do as I liked in my own apartment, and refused."

"You had no right to do as you liked."

"What, not in my own chamber that I had paid for?"

"Certainly not."

Mr. Figgins shook his clenched fist fiercely in the air at this extraordinary declaration.

"There's neither law nor justice here," he cried indignantly. "In England——"

"You're not in England, dog," shouted the bashaw, "you're in Turkey."

The orphan felt painfully at that moment that he was.

"I don't care how soon I'm out of such a miserable den of thieves and rogues," he said.

"What does the fellow say?" demanded the bashaw, who did not quite understand all the orphan said.

"He says his face will be whitened by the rays of your highness's wisdom, the like to which he has never before seen," the vizier interpreted.

"Umph!" growled his superior.

Then addressing himself once more to the defendant, he said:

"Go on."

"Well, in the midst of my practice that fat Turk burst through the partition of my room, cimeter in hand. The first thing I saw on his head was my turban, which I lost a week ago. I seized my own property——"

"Inshallah!" shouted the bashaw, "this fellow is telling the same story as the other. He is laughing at our beards, and making us eat dirt. I'll hear no more."

"But your worship——"

"I'll hear no more!" shouted the judge. "I find him guilty on all points."

"But my flute——"

"Your flute is forfeited."

The orphan uttered a cry of despair.

"My flute that cost me twenty-five pounds only a week since," he wailed, dolefully.

The bashaw pricked up his ears at these words.

A man who could afford to give twenty-five pounds for a flute must be possessed of property.

The scales of justice quivered, while he whispered to his vizier:

"This Frank is rich, is he not?"



"Heaven forbid that I should venture to dispute your highness' opinion. Most of his countrymen are so," the subordinate replied.

"Let us see."

Looking toward the agitated grocer, the bashaw said, in modified tones:

"The law pronounces you guilty. Still, in our mercy and clemency, we incline to show you favor. Your flute, for which it seems you paid twenty-five pounds, is forfeited; but, for another twenty-five you may redeem it."

The orphan was dreadfully indignant.

"What!" he cried, "pay twice over for what's my own property? I won't pay another farthing, you pot-bellied old humbug!"

"What does he say?" asked the bashaw of his vizier; "does he consent?"

The interpreter turned slightly green with dismay, as he stammered in reply:

"He expresses himself utterly overpowered by the—the—splendor of your highness' magnificent condescension; but—a—at the same time he is not at the present moment able to a—avail himself of it."

"You mean to say he has not sufficient funds—is that it?"

"Yes, your highness."

The disappointed bashaw uttered an angry grunt, and looking savagely at the prisoner, said to him:

"Since you cannot pay, you must—"

"I can pay!" shouted the orphan, in a furiously indignant tone; "but I won't."

The bashaw grinned at him like a fiend, and demanding the flute to be handed to him, held it up before the eyes of the whole court.

"Be witness all," he exclaimed, "that yonder obstinate Frank despises our clemency, and refuses to redeem this flute, his property."

"The flute is not his property, it is mine!" cried a voice from the crowd.

At that same moment a portly Turk, in a red fez cap, pressed forward.

He was recognized at once as Kallum Beg, a Turk of distinction, but who at times had to be treated as a madman.

"That flute is mine, oh, noble bashaw!" he repeated.

The judge winked and blinked, and seemed greatly perplexed at this unexpected declaration.

"Yours!" he echoed, at length.

"Yes, your highness. I was robbed of it a week since."

"And that lying son of Shitan told us he bought it for twenty-five pounds."

"So I did," protested the orphan.

"Silence!" roared the bashaw; "you have made us eat nothing but dirt. You know you stole it."

Then turning to the rightful owner of the instrument, he said to him:

"Kallum Beg, the flute is yours. Still, as you contradicted me in the open court, declaring it to be your property, when I had declared it to be the property of another, you are fined fifty sequins."

The Turk grunted, and shrugged his shoulders, for each of which offenses he was instantly fined an additional fifty sequins, making a hundred and fifty. There being no appeal, the fine was paid, and Kallum Beg received his flute.

"And now," continued the bashaw, "let that unbelieving dog receive twenty strokes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet."

In an instant the orphan was jerked off his legs, and placed flat on the ground.

The executioner stepped forward, and having removed his slippers, flourished his cane.

"Begin," cried the judge.

Swish fell the bamboo upon the orphan's naked feet.

The pain was so exquisite that the victim shrieked: "Murder!" at the top of his voice.

The bashaw grinned from ear to ear.

"Perhaps the prisoner would rather pay than suffer," he said, after a moment.

"Yes—yes, I would," cried Mr. Figgins, desperately; "a great deal rather. How much?"

"Ten sequins a stroke. A hundred and ninety sequins in all."

"I'll pay the sum. Oh, why did I ever leave delightful London!" said the grocer.

"Raise him," said the bashaw.

The victim was lifted up, and a messenger dispatched with a note to young Jack Harkaway to forward the orphan's cashbox.

In a short time the man returned, and the box was at once handed over to the bashaw, who having received the key, helped himself at once to double the sum he had demanded.

"Now I suppose I'm at liberty," said Mr. Figgins, glancing wistfully at his cash box.

"Not just yet," returned the grasping judge, who, having the money in his possession, was resolved to appropriate as much as possible. "I'm inclined to think that you have been unjustly accused. I therefore permit you as a particular favor to avenge yourself upon Bosja. You must fight with him, kill him if you can, and I shall not hold you responsible."

The orphan looked unutterable things at this permission, while Bosja, who was a great coward at heart, turned all manner of colors.

"Your mightiness—" he began.

But the bashaw cut him short.

"You are fined fifty sequins for speaking when you are not spoken to," he cried; "treasurer, collect the money."

But Bosja had not a single coin left.

"Then he must go to prison," said the judge, sternly; "but not till after he has fought with the man he has falsely accused."

"I've no wish to fight. I want to go home," exclaimed Mr. Figgins.

"You're fined another fifty sequins," remarked the bashaw, blandly, "for not wishing to fight when I say you are to fight."

While the judge dipped once more into the cash-box, the executioner went for weapons, and shortly reappeared with a couple of enormous cimeters, which he placed in the hands of the combatants.

A dead silence fell upon the eager crowd, who longed for the fight to commence.

"Are you ready?" demanded the bashaw.

"N-n-n-no, I'm not," faltered the orphan, whose ferocity had entirely disappeared with the loss of his flute; "I'm not a fighting man, and I don't like fighting with swords—I might get hurt. I would rather forgive Mr. Bosja than kill him."

His opponent evinced his satisfaction at this humane proposal by a ghastly smile.

But his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth with terror, and he said nothing.

But the bashaw was not to be thwarted in this manner.

"It is my will that you fight," he said, in a determined tone; "and fight you must, or each find a substitute."

The combatants strained their eyes eagerly among the crowd.

But no one volunteered to take their places.

Suddenly Mr. Figgins caught sight of a black figure that was pantomiming to him very eagerly in the distance.

A flash of joy rushed across his troubled spirit.

It was Tinker.

He could judge by his actions he was ready to take his place, and therefore he exclaimed aloud:

"I've found a substitute."

"Where?" demanded the bashaw, looking intensely disappointed.

"Here de dustibute!" shouted Tinker, in reply; "make way, you whitey-brown Turkeys, an' let de rale color come forrards."

As he spoke, he elbowed his way through the crowd till he reached the space in front of the seat of justice.

Here he shook hands with Mr. Figgins, and nodded as familiarly to the bashaw as though he had been a particular friend of his.

"What son of Jehanum is that?" growled the bashaw, scowling fiercely at Tinker.

"He is my substitute," replied the grocer.

"Is he? And do you know what you must pay to be allowed to make use of him?" asked the bashaw.

"No, you old thief, I don't," said Figgins, softly; then aloud: "How much?"

"Two hundred sequins," said the judge.

"Oh, certainly," assented the orphan; "no doubt you intend to empty my box before you let me go."

This restored the complacency of the bashaw, who, having by this last demand, used up all the grocer's cash, finished by taking possession of his cash-box to carry it away in.

Having locked it safely up, he cried:

"I wish to be amused. Let the fight commence at once."

Tinker received a cimeter from the hands of Mr. Figgins, and flourished it gaily around his head.

Bosja, who could not afford to pay for a substitute, made a great effort to pull himself together for the strife, but he looked very white, and his teeth chattered audibly.

"Now, slave, begin!" exclaimed the judge.

Tinker gave a semi-savage yell, just to encourage his opponent, and then, with a most ferocious grin on his dark face, he sprang forward.

Bosja, scared out of his wits, struck wildly at random.

His cimeter came in contact with nothing but air, while Tinker gave him a slight prod with his cimeter's point in the region of his baggy breeches.

Bosja felt it, and believing himself seriously wounded, uttered a doleful howl.

The crowd applauded.

Tinker hopped around him as nimbly as a tom-tit or a jackdaw, and presently gave him another little taste of his steel.

Bosja, fully impressed with the idea that he was bleeding to death, began to grow desperate.

Grasping his cimeter more firmly, he rushed in at his sable antagonist, but Tinker, by a skilful maneuver, locked his hilt in that of his foe's weapon and wrested it from his hand, following up his advantage with a smart tap on Bosja's skull with the flat of his blade.

This was a settler for the Turk, who, under the pleasing conviction that his brains were knocked out, uttered a piteous groan, and fell fainting on the ground.

The spectators did not appear to relish the defeat of their countryman, and loud murmurs of discontent burst forth, in the midst of which the bashaw arose.

"Stop the fight, and arrest the murderer," he cried.

Several of the soldiers and a few of the spectators advanced with alacrity to obey the order, but Tinker suddenly delivered one of his startling war whoops and flourished a glittering cimeter in each of his hands.

Everyone stopped.

It seemed prudent to do so, for the negro grinned and gnashed his teeth like a dark demoniac, as he sharpened his weapons one upon the other, preparatory to some deadly work of destruction.

Having performed this operation, he cried:

"Now de amputashun goin' to begin!" and uttering another terrible yell, dashed in among the guards.

The soldiers, astonished and appalled, dropped their weapons and fled from the court, calling upon the Prophet to save them from the wild fiend.

Having got rid of the soldiers, Tinker tripped up Kallum Beg, and wresting his flute from his hand, helped that worthy individual to creep out on his hands and knees by the wholesale stimulant of the points of his two cimeters.

Next he sprang among the spectators, shrieking and flourishing his weapons.

What with the clash of the steel and the hideous outcry he made, the Moslem crowd were beside themselves with terror.

Struggling, shouting, and declaring that the devil himself was let loose among them, they fought, and scratched, and pulled off turbans, and tumbled over each other till they reached the door.

The court was cleared.

All but the bashaw and his principal ministers, who still congregated around the judgment seat, blue with terror.

"Seize him! seize the imp of Jehanum!"

"Allah preserve me!" cried the potentate, who was holding on tenaciously to the vizier.

But the vizier made no attempt to obey his superior.

He was clinging to another vizier, imploring Allah to preserve him.

Up sprang Tinker, yelling and waving his sword.

"Sassinashun! spiff'cashun! strang'lashun to de ole lot ob yah!" he shouted.

The officials did not wait to be operated upon.

"Look after the cash-box," gasped the bashaw, as he waddled down the steps.

The rest followed, forgetting everything but their own personal safety.

The cash-box was left behind.



Tinker pounced upon it.

"Ooray!" he shouted, triumphantly; "him got de flute and de cash-box as well. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Quick as lightning he rushed to the door.

At the entrance he encountered the bashaw, who had discovered his loss.

"Son of perdition, give me my property," he cried.

Tinker gave it him immediately—on his head. The effect was stunning.

Down went the "Cream of Justice" and the "Flower of Wisdom" senseless to the ground.

Tinker sprang over him, and hurried away with the swiftness of a deer.

The orphan had long since taken his flight.

But, to his great joy, he received from the brave negro not only his coin, but what he prized more—his flute.

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